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"A people that take no pride in the noble achievements of remote ancestors will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered with pride by their descendants."--Macauley

Published Monthly at Bandera, Texas, by J. Marvin Hunter

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in the original Hunter's FRONTIER TIMES—which affords us a chance to welcome our Charter Subscribers and to explain a few matters of importance about the facsimiles.

One, Western Publications has only *one* complete set of the old FRONTIER TIMES and it is from this set that your facsimile copies are being reproduced. Over the years we have tried to complete a second set (just in case something happened to the first) but so far we have been unsuccessful. We still lack Vol. I, Nos. 1 and 3; Vol. II, Nos. 1, 2, 4 and 6. If any of you have extra copies of these issues and would like to sell or trade them, please let us know. On the other hand, and of possible benefit to you, in trying to complete our second set we have had to purchase many copies we did *not* need in order to get one or two issues that we could use. (Most offers were on an all-or-nothing basis.) We therefore invite any reader who's trying to complete his set of originals to let us know what issues he needs and we'll check to see if we have them among our duplicates. These are not "mint" but are in good condition.

For those of you who are not trying to fill out a collection but would just like to own an original or two, we will fill those orders also, on a first-come, first-served basis. In some cases we have only three or four copies; in others, we might have a dozen or more. Please address any correspondence concerning *original* copies to the attention of Susan Washburn at this office.

The price for a *specific* issue will be $3.00 postpaid; the price for an issue of our own selection (that is, you leave it up to us to send what's available) will be $2.50 postpaid.

Which brings up the second matter of importance: please don't forget that our address is Hunter's FRONTIER TIMES, P. O. Box 3338, Austin, Texas 78764. We're afraid that some of you may forget and use the old address at Bandera—and maybe try to write some of the advertisers! The addresses in this magazine you are holding are no longer valid—and unfortunately neither are the prices! You will note the prices Mr. Hunter charged in the beginning. What with our publishing on more expensive paper, mailing in envelopes, and the ungodly increase in costs on *everything*, we wonder if we will come out even as well as he did. Oh, to have those good old 1923 nickels and dimes back again!

We have received a wonderful response to our reprinting these old issues which truly witnessed the end of an era in our country's history. Nothing in them will be changed or deleted—so once more, just until you have time to get used to it—don't forget that if you need to write us, the correct address is *Hunter's FRONTIER TIMES, P. O. Box 3338, Austin, Texas 78764.*—Joe "Hosstail" Small

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FRONTIER TIMES

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT BANDERA, TEXAS

Devoted to Frontier History, Border Tragedy and Pioneer Achievement

Vol. 1—No. 8 MAY, 1924 $1.50 Per Year

Murder of James H. Sewell by Indians in 1871.

By John Warren Hunter.

The following account of the murder of James H. Sewell, by Indians in 1871, is given the writer by Mrs. Sarah Thorpe of San Angelo, who was the wife of Mr. Sewell at the time of his death.

"My father, James Gossett, came to Texas in an early day and became a noted Indian fighter. I was born in San Antonio in 1853, and while yet a very little child, my father moved to Camp Colorado, near where Coleman, Texas, now stands. Two of my brothers died in the Confederate army and another brother, Jack Gossett did faithful service on the frontier as a ranger. I was united in marriage to James H. Sewell in March, 1869, at Menardville, Texas. Ours was an elopement under difficulties never encountered by lovers in these modern times. My father opposed the match for reasons best known to himself, and finding that his opposition could not be overcome, we decided to elope. Johnny Sheen and Mr. Sewell were very near friends. They had been raised together and, as usual young men of that day, had spent most of their time in the cow camp, on the range, hunting game, rounding up cattle, and trailing and fighting Indians. Mr. Sheen's father had moved from Camp Colorado to Ft. McKavett, and it was to his home we planned to go when we decided on an elopement. By pre-agreement Mr. Sewell was in waiting near my father's house and about 9 o'clock at night I went to join him. I rode his horse to John Q. Adams' place on Hord's Creek, a distance of about three miles. Mr. Adams was a brother-in-law to Johnnie Sheen, and he advised us to travel all night and rest during the day. The country was full of Indians and he deemed it safer to travel by night. At a late hour we three—Johnny Sheen, Mr. Sewell and myself—all well armed and mounted, left Mr. Adams' and set out on our long and perilous flight, although we scarcely thought of the peril since we were inured to danger and as to fatigue we took no account. Young people of that day were strangers to fatigue and their physical endurance would be the marvel of the present generation. After having traveled about 20 miles we halted on a little creek, built a fire and proceeded to brew us a cup of coffee. The boys removed the bridles and staked the horses near by, in order that they might graze on the abundant grass while we were resting and enjoying a good cup of coffee. They did not take the preeaution to remove their saddles nor to post a guard over the stock while grazing. The coffee was soon brewed and while sipping the refreshing beverage, some unusual commotion attracted out attention. Mr. Sheen siezed his winchester and went out to where we had left the horses and discovered a large party of Indians in the act of driving off our stock. Evidently these Indians had been attracted by the light of our camp fire. The boys told me to keep cool and to hide, while they attended to the Indians. I got away from the firelight and took position by a large tree. The boys opened fire on the Indians and drove them off but not until they had secured Mr. Sewell's horse and saddle, leaving us only two horses. After the fight the boys came back to where I was concealed and John said jestingly: 'I believe that was Old Man Gossett after us, and not Indians." I said: 'Don't you believe it; father is at home, in bed asleep!' We remained near this camp until morning, expecting an attack from the Indians every moment. It was quite cold and rain was falling, but we didn't mind the weather. Our greatest concern was to get away. A long journey was before us, we had no provisions, except coffee, and had but two horses. Early next morning we left our camp and went up into a canyon where we remained all day. That night we started out and traveled all night,

and Sunday morning we reached Grandpa Sheen's at Ft. McKavett in time for breakfast. Monday morning we mounted and went to Menardville, where I and Mr. Sewell were united in marriage by Mr. Dave Thorp, who then lived below Menardville. We went to Ft. McKavett to live and in June, we moved to Bear Creek, now in Kimble county. At that time there were very few settlers in Kimble and for mutual protection these lived close together. We lived in the yard with Mr. Ranse Moore. In 1871 Mr. Sewell took a contract to cut cedar posts for John Jones. The cedar broke where he engaged to cut these posts was about three miles from home. Mr. Sewell usually carried a large Colt's pistol and his winchester, but on leaving home on that fatal day, he told me that he would leave his pistol at home. That morning was the last I ever saw my husband alive. When nightfall approached I became uneasy over his non-arrival. We had two little children and after getting these to bed, I walked the yard and listened for his coming. I had a strange presentiment that he had been murdered, and I returned to the house and tried to sleep. While in a state of semi-consciousness, or half asleep, I heard his familiar step in the yard and heard him as was his custom, approach the water bucket which sat near the door, and take a drink of water. I hastily rose and went to meet him, but there was no one in the yard. Mrs. Moore heard the same noise and came out of the house to learn why he was so late coming. As I went back in the house a bird flew against my face. Well you may call it a hallucination, superstition, or whatsoever you will, but I was wild with suspense and grief. I told Mrs. Moore my husband was murdered. I ran to Mr. Waites', a half-mile distant and told him my fears. He was a devoted friend to my husband, and hastily mounting his horse, rode to John Jones' place, got him and others, and the next morning they went to the cedar and began the search. Shortly after starting out that morning they found Indian sign that showed that a large body of Comanches had passed down the valley the day previous. In the cedar brake they came upon the body of Mr. Sewell. From all the evidence obtainable, it seems that early in the day the Indians, no doubt attracted by the strokes of his axe, had stealthily approached under cover of the brush. He was apparently in position with his axe raised and in the act of cutting off an upper branch of cedar, when fired upon by the enemy. There was blood on the axe handle when found and the theory was advanced that after he was shot and in the struggle that followed, he threw his axe at an Indian and made for his gun which was but a few steps away, but was overpowered and lanced to death before he could get to his winchester. Besides the gunshot wounds, his body bore four horrible lance wounds. The savages scalped him, took his hat, shoes, gun and horse and saddle.

"The next day my husband was buried on Bear Creek, his being the second grave in that cemetery. The first grave was of Steve Cavaness who was killed by Lieut. Bullis of the U. S. Army at Ft. McKavett. In this raid, it was estimated that there were at least 100 Indians and although within hailing distance of Ft. McKavett, where a large force of regulars was stationed, these savages were allowed to steal and murder with impunity. The same bunch of Indians proceeded down the country and the day following the murder of Mr. Sewell, they were attacked by a force under Jim Bradberry, who was killed and his men routed.

Daughters of Texas

Great is the State that was once a Republic,
Bright is the Lone Star that shines in the West,
Broad is the landscape that lies in the sunset,
With the graves of her heroes at rest.

Rich her resources and brilliant her future,
Her sons are progressive, ingenious and brave,
But the Daughters of Texas—ah, there are none nobler
Nor fairer "that earth ever gave."

Storms may sweep over her, waters may drown her,
Troubles may fill her with care;
But nothing can daunt her nor wholly destroy her
While the Daughters of Texas are there.

MARGARET V. THOMAS,
Elkhead, Oregon.

Breaking Up the Lawless Element in Texas.

Major W. M. Green, Texas Ex-Rangers' Association.

I first saw the light in January, 1854, near Peach Tree Village, in Tyler county, Texas. My parents moved to Hill county in 1855 and to Johnson county in 1856, where my mother died in 1859, and father died at Little Rock, Arkansas in 1861, so like Uncle Dick Sullivan, I know what the life of an orphan is. In February, 1874, I went to the little town of Comanche and joined Captain M. R. Green's company of Rangers, but as soon as Richard Coke became Governor of Texas we were disbanded. In May of that same year I enlisted in Company A, Frontier Battalion, commanded by Captain John R. Waller of Erath County.

A little digression here will more fully explain some things that I shall mention later. There was a notorious gang over the line of Comanche and Brown counties, but making their headquarters in the latter county, and this gang seemed to take great delight in coming over in Comanche and "painting the town red," as they termed it. In the course of time the good people of Comanche became weary of this sort of thing and determined to put a stop to it. Fair warning was given these lawless characters, but they did not seem to realize that the slumbers of a sleeping lion was being disturbed, and they came once too often. Marshal Jeff Green was on the job, and in trying to quiet things he was forced to use extreme measure with the result that one member of the gang, Charlie Davis, was killed and Jim Beard ran a narrow risk and got out of town alive, it being reported afterwards that he had several bullet holes through his clothing.

After this Charlie Webb, a deputy sheriff of Brown county, arrested Jim Baird and Jim Buck Waldrip and they were sent to the penitentiary for stealing cattle. So by reason of these acts Jeff Green and Charlie Webb were slated to be killed.

Along about the first of May John Wesley Hardin and Jim Taylor, from down on the Guadalupe river, made their appearance in this region, then came others from Corsicana, including the Dickson boys, the two Anderson boys, and Alex Barekman. It seemed that none but Hardin and Taylor knew just what their mission to Comanche was but it is supposed they came to get with the leaders and to be protected from charges then pening against them at Corsicana. This gang laid plans to get Green and Webb because of the killing of Davis and the conviction of Beard and Waldrip. However, Jeff Green's friends had their ears to the ground and their eyes on the indicator, and kept him warned of the gang's movements and intentions. They persuaded him to keep close about home, and to give the gang no advantage whatever. He very reluctantly heeded their admonitions and I have always said that in doing so it was one of the bravest acts of his life, for he was an absolute stranger to fear and would not have hesitated to engage the whole gang in combat, but his friends knew that it would be suicide for him to undertake to discharge the functions of his office under the circumstances and they intervened to await a more opportune time for action. The gang, in order to get Charlie Webb over from Brownwood, matched a horse race between the Dickson Colt and the "Old Squaw," two noted horses to be run at Comanche on the 28th of May, 1874. The race had been pretty well announced and quite a number of men from Brownwood came over to see it, among them being Charlie Webb, This was just what Hardin and his gang were hoping for. The race came off in the afternoon, but I do not remember which horse won. Red liquor flowed freely all day, and betting ran high. The race over and all went to town and the usual tippling was being indulged in until late in the evening, and it seemed that the day was going to pass without anything out of the ordinary happening. Suddenly the familiar crack of the Smith & Wesson 44 and the colt's 45 rang out on the evening breeze to herald the tidings of a murder most foul. When the smoke had cleared away Charlie Webb lay dead on the street in Comnache, the victim of John Wesley Hardin, Jim Taylor and Bud Dickson. After the killing the outlaws scampered away laughing about how they had shot their victim. Charlie Webb was a good citizen and one of the best and bravest peace officers in West Texas. Alex Barekman, Jim Anderson, and Tom

Dickson were promptly arrested , but Barekman made his escape during the night.

The real hunt now began. Company A had been sworn in on the 25th of May, one half at Stephenville and the other half at Comanche. Our company was quickly mobilized at Comanche and camped on the public square. Major Jones was at Corsicana, and did not get to Comanche in time to take part in the work. We had no guns, but the officers secured what arms they could to use until our needle guns were sent up from Austin. Bud Dickson was captured the second day after the killing, and that left the two, Hardin and Taylor still at large They were seen almost every day by citizens and several times the rangers exchanged shots with them, but as there were but few horses in the country equal to those of the outlaws it was impossible to get close enough to kill them with six-shooters and shotguns. Barekman and Ham Anderson were in hiding but were not seen for several days. Hardin and Taylor's favorite hiding place was in the Big Thicket, ten miles north, and at Round Mountain about the same distance northwest of town, the two places being five or six miles apart. When the Rangers got too hot for them at the Big Thicket they would pull out for the mountain. The chase had not gone on many days until the people saw they had to put Hardin's father and brother under guard. On one occasion a sheriff's posse ran onto Barekman and Anderson and captured their horses and saddles, but failed to get the men. Three or four days later, however, they were found in the eastern part of the county and killed. By this time Hardin and Taylor had not been seen for several days, and it was believed they had left the country.

Soon after the killing of Barekman and Anderson a crowd of about forty men came at a late hour one night and took Hardin's brother, Joe G. Hardin, Bud and Tom Dickson from the guards and hung them. Dr. Brockers, who had been arrested, was not molested. The sheriff of Hamilton county had six men who had been arrested and about 2500 cattle from DeWitt county. So a detachment of Rangers were sent to Hamilton for them and brought them up to Comanche a few days later. About this time a detachment brought in Bud Galbraith and one Hickey wanted in Bosque county. They had been captured in Lampasas county. When the deputy sheriff of Bosque county came for them a detachment of Rangers was sent with him to Meridian. Galbraith pretended to be sick on the way and the officer, whose name was Pierson, secured a wagon, and putting his own and Galbraith's horse to it, aranged for Galbraith to lie down in the wagon behind the seat. The Rangers with Hickey on horseback outtraveled the wagon and soon passed out of sight. Galbraith saw his chance and sprang upon Pierson and killed him with his (Pierson's) pistol, and made his get-away by taking the horse from the wagon and riding off.

The day after Pierson left Comanche with Galbraith and Hickey, Sergeant Atkinson with a detail of twelve Rangers, including myself, left Comanche for Austin with seven members of the Hardin and Taylor gang, including the six men brought up from Hamilton and the old doctor previously mentioned. Our sergeant was a good fellow, but was fresh from the States and knew but little about Texas outlaws. Leaving Comanche we had to travel a bridle way for more than a day, and the sergeant conceived the idea of tying the horses of the two worst men, White and Taylor, together in order that they might not escape. All went well until we had to cross a deep ravine. When these two horses got to the bottom of the ravine they could do nothing but spin around. I was instructed to go down and get them out, and after working at the task for some time I found that the sergeant and I differed very much as to how to handle the situation. But I was permitted to have my way and untied the horses and we rode out of the ravine with ease. I thought the matter was closed, but not so, for the sergeant turned to me with a sarcastic smile and said, "Now that you are so d—d smart, you may tie White to your saddle for the rest of the way," not knowing that he conferred upon me a very great honor. White was about thirty years of age and one of Hardin and Taylor's most dangerous men. Those fellows were all of the man-killing type, and White had been placed in my hands (I, a mere boy of 20 years) for safe-keeping! On the way to Austin we stopped for a night at Liberty Hill and tried to get the constable at that place to take

charge of the prisoners, but we were told that those fellows had friends around Liberty Hill and if they heard of us we would have trouble with them before day. We went to a hardware store and purchased locks and chains and strung them like fish, then put them to bed on a porch in front of the store building.

We arrived in Austin on Sunday evening, expecting to be relieved of our charges Monday morning and start back to our company at Comanche, but were held there until Wednesday, guarding our prisoners in the office of the Kingsbury Hotel. During this time it had become known by some friends of the outlaws that they were prisoners in the hands of the State Rangers at Austin, and five or six of them came in to see the prisoners and were permitted by the sergeant, over the protest of some of the boys, to talk to them privately. It is evident that a plot was entered into at that time, as the reader will see later, to trap the Rangers. The presence of these friends of the outlaws was reported to General Steele and Governor Coke, and the report was put out on Tuesday that we would leave Austin at four o'clock Wednesday morning for Cuero, on the train. It was thought this would disconcert the gang, but instead we were ordered to leave Austin at one o'clock Wednesday morning on horse back. We had breakfast about fifteen miles out of Austin. As we nooned that day we saw three of those fellows pass on the stage, and we then knew they had kept strict watch on our movements at Austin and were depending on the prisoners to carry out their part of the plot. Before leaving Austin Governor Coke gave us a bit of advice which may seem strange to some of the younger set that the governor of the state would do such a thing, but Governor Coke was a real man and he understood the conditions. He instructed us to use every precaution and if there was an effort made to take our prisoners from us that we should kill them (the prisoners) and then do the best we could for ourselves.

We were on the lookout all the while, for we knew that Hardin and Taylor had about forty men altogether, and we could account for only twelve of them. We stopped a little early Thursday evening as one of our boys, Dave Hudson, was sick, and by the time the sun went down supper was over and all bunks made down. We always had the prisoners to make their beds side by side so closer watch could be kept over them during the night. When we began to drag up our saddles for pillows Dave Hudson found that his two six-shooters had been removed from their holsters. On account of being sick he had taken them off and swung them to the horn of his saddle. The prisoners had all gone to bed by this time, and of course knew nothing of the discovery that the two guns were missing. The bunks were about thirty yards from Hudson's saddle. The boys quickly put the prisoners under cover with their needle guns and made them get up, and found the pistols under the pillows of White and Taylor. We made them all go back to bed and the boys were instructed to kill any of them that raised up without first calling the guard, and they were told that it might be best to not roll over too often.

Everything went well until noon Friday. The prisoners had all morning been pleading with the sergeant to cross the Guadalupe river at a ferry twenty miles above Clinton and go down on the west side. We nooned at the ferry after crossing the river. As some of the boys were cooking dinner two negroes, an old man and a boy, came along and Fayette Oxford and myself began questioning them as to whether they knew any of the men in our crowd, and we found they knew all of the prisoners, but none of the rest of us. We told the old negro we had these men as prisoners and were taking them to Clinton, and that they had told us the nearest and best route was down the west side of the river. The negro then told us that it was "Jes seben miles ober dar to John Wes Hardin's headquatahs." We reported to the sergeant what the old negro had told us and informed him that we would not go down the west side of the river . We made it into Clinton about nine o'clock Friday night, but before we got there, however, Taylor made a pass to get away, but failed. We had to cross the Guadalupe at Clinton and when we arrived at the bridge it so happened that I was in the lead with my man, White. It was getting pretty dark and when I left the bridge—started up the bank I rode right into 200 men before I knew there was a man over there. I was not scared, but my spurs just kept

rattling. I called for the sheriff and found he was standing near me, and he spoke very low and asked where the prisoners were. Very quietly he took the prisoners from their horses and put other men on them, then called out loudly for us to take them to the hotel for supper. We turned to the right and went up the river about 300 yards to the hotel with all the crowd following, thinking we had the prisoners, but by the time they had discovered the ruse the sheriff had a strong posse placed. We had a goo night's rest and our horse's fared well Saturday. On Saturday night we were called upon to help protect the prisoners, which we did. We were informed by sevral men that when we left they would hang those outlaws. We departed from Clinton Sunday morning, and when we reached Austin we were told that the threat had been made good—that the prisoners were hanged Sunday night.

A few days later we reported to Captain Waller at Comanche and moved up near Carter's ranch on Big Sandy in Stephens county, twenty miles north of where the town of Cisco now stands where we put in our time chasing the redskins.

Pen Picture of Pueblo Indians.

Early writers of Indian stories tell of but one kind of red man. A perusal of their tales left a mental vision of a bronze being with Grecian profile, nude body and a personality of mingled "noble red men" and dancing, murderous savage.

This idea of our first Americans became so prevalent it gave birth to a fixed type that, consciously or unconsciously, forms a standard by which most people passed judgment upon the Indian in general. While the accounts of the writers were, in the main, true of the tribes they depicted, they told little or nothing of another type, a distinct type of American Indian, who occupies a place of equal importance, and whose history, if it could be told, would contain a wealth of romance and disclose interesting facts that would solve many ethnological problems.

Midway in that far reach of country extending from the mountains of Colorado southwesterly toward the coast of California is that Egypt-like region of America, the land of the Pueblo Indian. Fifty short years ago these people were almost unknown, save for the uncertain accounts of early Spanish explorers and the scant reports of pioneer or prospector. Then search for gold and railroad building rapidly pushed the mountain borders of civilization westward over the sage-clad mesas and cactus plains. Steel rails, following the line of easiest grade to the coast, were laid through the very heart of this interesting country. Here this new-old type of red man lives, and has for centuries lived, in his communal villages of adobe that dot the sun-dried banks of the Rio Grande or perch upon the steep rock-ribbed mesas of lower New Mexico and Arizona. Peaceful and patient, he plys his ancient rites and industries, satisfied if left alone with his arid land, his little patch of corn and his own ideas of life.

His mythological religion—a heritage handed down, through the vicisitudes of an unwrit tongue, from hoary antiquity—has marked him with its weird superstition. His prayer ceremonies are often incongruous, frequently spectacular, but always interesting. Inseparable from the atmosphere of the turquoise sky, the purple shadows of the red-scarred cliffs and the delicate haze of the desert, he fits perfectly into his environment.

His villages, whose houses are either scattered along uncertain streets or built in compact pyramidal shape, like huge blocks piled on and against each other to a height of from three to five stories, seem to be a part of the very earth between them. It marked contrast to their mud walls are the brilliant colors worn by the men and women Perhaps it is the bright red shawl of a maiden who gracefully balances a painted water-jar upon her head as she climbs the worn ladder to her second-story home. Again it may be the scarlet band on the head of the aged governor of the pueblo as the first light of the rising sun falls upon his erect figure while he stands upon the highest roof of the village calling out his daily orders to the occupants below.

The twenty-five villages extending from Taos, in the northern part of New Mexico, to Oraibi. the ancient Hopi village of western Arizona, have widely

different locations in point of natural surroundings. The former pueblo stands in one of the most beautiful and verdant valleys of the southwest, while the latter is perched on a giant rib of barren rock that projects into the parched sands of the Painted Desert, Santa Clara, San Juan, San Ildefonso, Santo Domingo, Isleta and Laguna squat flat upon the very banks of the Rio Grande and have neither view nor vegetation.

Again, that ancient and strangely fascinating village of Acoma rears its terraced buildings on the summit of a rock that stands 357 feet above the surrounding mesa. Acoma deserves more than passing mention. Here it was that Coronado and his conquistadores met the most valiant opposition they experienced among the Pueblos, and were once defeated before gaining a final entrance into the village. The houses are built, communal style, in three great terraces, three rooms high and all face the south—on which side of the pueblo the steep trails ascend from the plain below.

The ancient church, largest of all the early Indian missions, was built in the latter part of the seventeenth century by the Spanish priest, Fray Juan Ramirez. Its massive walls and carved timbers still stand where they were erected on the edge of the great rock cliff. As the traveler approaches the village on the seventeen-mile drive from the Santa Fe station of Laguna, he passes Mesa Encantada, or enchanted mesa, a great flat-topped, circular rock rising with perpendicular walls to a height of about 400 feet above the plain below. An interesting legend of the Acomas tells of how the great rock tower became enchanted, but space here does not admit of the telling.

Zuni, largest and dirtiest of all the pueblos, lies about ninety miles west of Acoma and some thirty-five mils south of the town of Gallup. Here we find a city built upon a hill and one that commands a fair view of a typical New Mexico valley carpeted with sage and sand drifts and walled in red buttes and low-lying cliffs.

All readers of the early Spanish invasion know that Zuni is one, or all, of the once far-famed seven cities of Cibola, minus the gold and precious jewels Coronado expected to find there. A few hundred yards south of the village is the little shrine that marks the Zuni's center of the earth. A mile to the east is a flat-topped butte, the shrine rock Towa-Yaleni. In the cliffs and caves of its walls are the most sacred shrines of the pueblo and from its summit can be had a wide view of the surrounding country.

About a hundred and fifty miles to the northwest of Zuni we come to Hopi land, whose seven little villages are built on the tops of three great points of rock that rise hundreds of feet above the sands of the Painted Desert.

The Hopi villages are the westernmost of all the pueblos and the most isolated, their nearest point to civilization being seventy miles from the railroad. Of the seven villages Walpi and Oraibi are the most interesting. Both stand today much as they did when Coronada's band of explorers visited them in 1540.

Volumes could be written on the Hopi, with his ancient folklore, his mythology, his clans and his wierd religious ceremonies. Of the latter, the snake dance, ending the nine days' ceremony that constitutes his great invocation to the rain god, is the most interesting and spectacular. Friendly, quiet and wistfully patient, the Hopi Indian's life bears a message of half rebuke to the white man who would invade his home and heart with his many religious harsh laws.

Pueblo Indian types vary from the peaceable, small-bodied Hopi to the powerfully built and more alert men of Taos and other northern Rio Grande villages. Most of the tribes make pottery of various kinds, the flat bowls of the Hopi, the painted ollas of the Acomas and the glossy black water pots and double-necked vases of the Santa Claras being the best. All of the Pueblos have their little farms, on which corn, wheat, melons and gourds are more or less successfully grown. Many of the tribes raise sheep and their little flocks seem to find ample foliage among the sand hills and on the mesas.

The artist who dreams of an American art, the photographer who seeks new subjects, and the serious student who would preserve for future generations something tangible as a link between the pre-Caucasian period of North America and the present time can find no greater wealth of material than in this land of the Pueblos.

Killing of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Kensing.

By Leonard Passmore

It is a well conceded fact that Texas has never had a better class of immigrants than the Germans. For generations in their own land they had been compelled to get their living from the soil, thereby acquiring habits of thrift and perseverance. From the days of Frederick on, they had practiced most rigid economy, by which they had arisen from a petty kingdom to one of the five Great Powers of Europe. But Germany had been crowded and many of her people longed to go to some place where there were greater possibilities of building up homes, supplied with the necessities of life for themselves and posterity. From the time stern old Frederick had sent General Washington a sword with the inscription, "From the oldest general in the world to the bravest," they had looked with hopes and desires to America. From the time that a strong appeal was sent to the Powers of Europe, asking for an interference in the cruel warfare waged by the Mexicans after the virtual close of the Texas Revolution, the Germans began to see the possibilities awaiting them in the broad and unsettled domain of Texas.

In about 1846, a body of those honest sons of toil bade adieu to the scenes of their childhood, and with their wives and children came to seek new homes in the wilds of Texas. They were led hither by one Baron Von Meusebach, a man well educated and withal well suited to be a leader of men. In fact, all in the little company possessed a fair knowledge of the elementary branches of learning, due to the excellent system of compulsory education in the Fatherland. Such a class of people could not fail to build up the resources and increase the wealth of our Lone Star.

Landing near Indianola, the immigrants procured ox wagons which they loaded with the supplies and implements they had taken with them on their voyage, and slowly wended their way toward the interior of our fair state. All who saw the spinning wheels high perched upon the plunder and saw the knitting-needles of the worthy old dames being plied so deftly as the women journeyed along, could not well refrain from extending a welcome; for the five virtues of this people—industry, perseverance, economy, order and patience were exactly what were needed to be suspended from the five points of our star as mottoes of success to our own worthy sons.

Most of the immigrants settled at Fredericksburg. At first they suffered many severe hardships, the worst being a lack of bread. Many times their sufferings were almost equal to that of the Puritans when they dealt out the five kernels of corn. When wagons arrived with meal it was divided among the immigrants, each using his part as sparingly as he could in order that it might not be exhausted before the arrival of some more. "At one time," said Henry Mueller, member of that memorable party, "we were entirely out of bread. Some soldiers were stationed at Fort Martin Scott. They allowed us to pick up some grains of corn about their "encampment." But these hardships did not last. Prosperity began to smile upon the humble toilers and the circle of its magnitude has been widening ever since. With prosperity came satisfaction. The friends and loved ones across the sea were written to and told of the wonderful opportunities awaiting them in the far west.

There was not much at that time to be feared from the Indians. They had shown no signs of hostility. The Germans had sat with them in council, and with them had smoked "the pipe of peace." When the lands were being surveyed, the Germans took with them Indian guides who proved themselves harmless and faithful.

Other immigrants continued to come. The old round church was built, and in it were sung the songs which before had echoed from "Die Kirchen im Faderland." Regardless of hardships these pioneers were happy and did not wish to return. They desired to stay, take the oath of allegiance and help build up Texas. They would become American citizens. The tongue trained to sing, "Die Wacht am Rhine," they would accustom to sing "The Star Spangled Banner."

In the course of a few years some made their homes a little farther west. Among these were two brothers, Charles and Henry Kensing. The former set-

tled on Squaw Creek, at that time a beautiful bold-flowing, little stream, which wended its way through the hills uniting with Threadgill Creek, the two forming Beaver Creek. There lived near him Conrad Mund, H. Welge Sr., and his aged father, also John Dietz and a few others. From the peculiar shape of a little mount on the east side of the creek, this was called the "Platt Kopf" or "Flat Head Settlement." A little lower down was another, which by the pious people composing it, was called "Canaan." There lived in this community, Philip Buchmeyer, Fritz Winkel and a few others. Still lower down on Beaver Creek was another settlement, composed of William Geistweidt, Rev.—. Pluennecke and others. It was among these that Henry Kensing made his home, on what is now known as the Apel place. He was a blacksmith by trade and he and Fritz Kneese ran a blacksmith shop together.

The Indians, which were at first so docile, at last became furious. The settlers were in constant danger. They were afraid to leave home lest they find their families butchered on their return

One Sunday morning , Henry Kensing and his wife went to visit his brother at "Platt Kopf." It was dangerous to do so, they knew. They feared mostly for their children whom they left alone, but they were living near Mr. Geistweidt and others, and did not deem the danger so great. The trip was a business one, and necessitated their going. Mr. Kensing had that morning borrowed fifty dollars from Mr. Geistweidt. if my information is correct, telling him of his financial circumstances, and the business directly calling him away.

Some say that on his way to his brother's, Kensing and his wife stopped at Canaan and that he and the pious people there had a little prayer-meeting; but from the fact that Rev. Pluennecke was the only minister in this country,, of the Methodist order, and was away at the time, makes it appear this is a mistake. The distance from "Canaan" to "Platt Kopf," was about five miles, through a rough, picturesque country. On the way no signs of Indians were seen. It was a beautiful day in spring, in the year 1863. The valley was full of fragrance and freshness. How like some they could recall which they had spent together in their old home across the sea.

But the time of parting had come. Before the two brothers were hardly aware, the sun was low in the western horizon. Calling his wife to make preparation for returning home, Henry in the meantime hitched up the team. Soon all was in readiness, and "Good-bye"—the last good-bye—was said. Right quickly the aged couple sped along the road which led around the little mount, Platt Kopf and down the slant beyond. Suddenly they found themselves confronted by a band of Indians. Putting the whip to his horses the man endeavored to get away. With nostril's extended and a look of terror in their eyes, the horses sped down the hard slant; for they were frightened at such vigorous strokes of the lash and the sound of other hoof beats beside their own in their rear—made by the ponies of the Indians' who were in close pursuit.

At last the wagon was brought to a halt, and a desperate struggle for life ensued on the part of those within. The exact circumstances of it all, we have no definite way of knowing. From indications it is said to have appeared that in the struggle, the man and wife became separated—probably torn asunder by the overpowering savages. The husband was killed in a most brutal manner and scalped. The woman was dragged away some distance, and treated too shameful to be told of in these pages, after which she was shot with an arrow, scalped and left, no doubt, for dead But she rallied to an extent sufficient to regain consciousness. She did not, however, possess enough strength to stand on her feet.

After leaving the woman's body the savages proceeded to the wagon, and cutting the harness to pieces, took such parts as suited their fancy, and departed to the draws beyond. Whether they were ever seen any more in the settlement at that time I do not know. This much, however is certain, with the two gory scalps dangling from their girdles, they pressed on to other parts where they could gratify their blood-thirsty natures upon other innocent victims.

Think of what a scene that was! There lay in the little vale near "Platt Kopf" a husband in the cold embrace of death, while near him was his bosom companion, faint, bleeding and only sufficiently conscious to realize the fearful tragedy and to utter a prayer for her

children in the little home in Beaver Creek, who were at that moment unconscious of the fact that they were left a little bunch of orphans in an unfriendly world. But such are the uncertainties of mortal existence. At a time when one feels that life is sweet, he may be made suddenly aware that his skies are darkened.

In some way or another, the settlers around Platt Kopf became aware that some calamity had befaallen their friends and a party went out to search. Following the wagon tracks they soon arrived at the scene of the tragedy. Seeing the wagon, they were apprehensive that their friends had been murdered. Soon the body of the man was found, in the condition before described. Then a diligent search was made for the woman, but she was not at that time discovered. It was thought that she was taken into captivity. Taking up the body of the man, the party returned, and made preparations for its burial. Before doing so, however, it was decided to return to the scene of the tragedy and make further search for the woman's body.

Looking about in the thick brush which was near, the party at last noticed something that appeared to be waving back and forth, much like the fluttering of a handkerchief in the breeze. Going nearer the men discovered that it was a handkerchief in the woman's hand, and had been shaken for the purpose of scaring away the flies, which were endeavoring to settle upon the gory head. It appears that it had been in the pocket of her dress during her struggles, and though faint as the poor woman was, she thought of it, and took it out for the purpose mentioned.

Approaching and looking into the pitiful eyes of the sufferer, one of the men said in her own familiar tongue, "Is that you, Mrs. Kensing?" Faintly and with much effort she replied "where is Henry?"

"He is all right," they said, "but not able to come to you." Thus they tried to evade telling her of his awful fate.

The poor, mangled creature was taken to the home of Charles Kensing and tenderly cared for in the best way possible under the existing circumstances. In the meantime Mr. Theodore Wiedmann, who was working for H. Welge at the time, was dispatched with all possible haste to inform the children and neighbors of the unfortunate couple, of the fearful tragedy. The poor little orphans were frantic with grief. Their pitiful cries could be heard for a long distance, and they wrung their feeble hands in agony.

Some of the neighbors—I did not learn who—took the children over to their uncle's, that they might take a last look at their father before his burial, and that they might view their mother in her suffering condition, and by their presence cheer her in the hour of death. It was plainly seen that the good woman could not live. Just what the mother said when the little ones approached, I do not know; but knowing the deep feeling of a mother's love, I am prompted to say that she pressed their soft hands, and stroked their innocent foreheads and pronounced upon them an undying benediction of love.

Not far away from the scene of the tragedy, a grave was dug, and in it was consigned the remains of the dead man, his wife being made to believe all the time that he was still living. Quite a crowd assembled to administer the last sad rites, and many were the tears shed on the occasion. Each one felt, as the clods fell upon the coffin, that it was a matter of but few days till the same sad duties must be administered to the dead man's companion, and so it was.

The next day it was reported by those who had been so carefully administering to Mrs. Kensing, that the woman was worse and could live but a few hours. That evening, I think it was, she died and was taken away and buried beside her husband. Long had they been in life together and now were they put side by side in the land of silence. To-day two lonely graves near the base of "Platt Kopf" is all there is to tell the people of that region of the horrors of frontier life. The birds in springtime pour out their music and melody over the same little vale that once resounded with the echoess of weeping and despair.

The surviving brother, Charlie Kensing, later moved to Threadgill Creek in Gillespie county. There he bought a ranch and accumulated a nice little fortune which he and his dame enjoyed to a ripe old age. Often has the writer heard him say in his quiet manner of speaking, "Those early days were days of suffering on the frontier. People now do not know what hardships are."

Bandera County Man Foully Murdered.

Written by John F. Hodges

When I came to Bandera county in 1868 there were very few people living in the county, and Indians often made raids, and kept us in a state of dread, for we did not know just when some of our own loved ones would fall a victim of their cruelty. But the Indians were not the only menace to the happiness of the settlers of this region, for there were vicious white men, too, that brought sorrow and suffering to add to the hard lot of the early settlers. One such incident I will relate: In 1872 a man named Simpson moved to Bandera county, and settled on Red Bluff Creek, about twelve miles east of Bandera town. He and his family lived there several years. Mr. Simpson had a beautiful daughter, named Elvira, about seventeen years of age, and in 1873 a young man named France Young came into the country, met this young lady and fell in love with her. Within a short time they were married and were living happily together when a man who gave his name as McCracken drifted in from somewhere. He became acquainted with Young, and seemed to take a great fancy to the young man. McCracken represented that he lived near Austin and had decided to move to Bandera county, and hired Young to take his wagon and team and go after his household goods, agreeing to pay him a certain sum of money to do so. Times were hard and money was scarce, and the young man was glad to get a chance to earn wages by honest labor, so he and McCracken set out, obstensibly to get the older man's household plunder, expecting to return within a very short time. But weeks passed and they did not return. No word was received from them. The young wife became alarmed over the husband's continued absence, and finally induced friends to go in search of him. The searchers made inquiries along the route taken by McCracken and Young, and found that they had camped at the edge of a large cedar brake ner Austin, and there all trace was lost for the time being. Later it was learned from an old woman at Dripping Springs that her dog had dug up a man's head and brought it home. This proved to be the head of the missing man. He had been foully murdered while asleep, being killed with his own pistol. Going to the place where the head had been uncovered parts of the young man's clothing were found, including a big handkerchief which he wore around his neck. But the body was never found.

The searchers again took the trail in an effort to apprehend the murderer. At Austin it was found where he had disposed of the wagon and team, but he was never caught. All trace of him was lost, and the searchers returned home, bringing the sad news of the tragedy to the poor little woman who looked longingly and anxiously for the husband's return.

The only theory advanced as to the cause of the murder was that McCracken killed Young in order to secure the wagon and team and convert them into money, as the young man was without funds and had nothing else to be robbed of. That they had a disagreement and a fight was not likely, as France Young was known as a mild-mannered generous hearted, peaceable young man, and would hardly have indulged in a row with an older man. But such was only one of many instances like that which happened on the frontier in those days. Tragedies that brought grief and woe in the homes of the pioneers were of frequent occurrence, and is attested by the headstones that mark the resting places of those whose lives were taken by wild red men and savage white men who infested this fair land in those perlious days.

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Some of My Experience on the Range.

By A. Huffmeyer, San Antonio, Texas.

In the winter of 1873 Indians stole every horse James Blackhaller, who lived four miles above Frio town, had and just to show the hard luck he was up against; Mr. Blackhaller was always known as having the finest bunch of cow ponies in the country, and Billy Votaw the most onery and sorebacked one. Mr. Blackhaller had just sold a fine sorrel horse to Mr. Jake Vinton, two miles above, and Mr. Vinton staked his horse out about 200 yards from the house. About 3 p. m. that day a band of ten Indians came right down the main road and saw the horse, and no sooner had they seen him than they went after him. As they approached him the orse got frightened and ran against the rope and broke it and took right down the direction of the Blackhaller ranch in order to get back to his accustomed range and the Indians after him. That horse led them right to the bunch of Blackhaller's horses, which were all hobbled about a quarter of a mile above the ranch in a brushy flat. Well, the Indians didn't do a thing but run those horses about two miles hobbled, then rounded them up and cut the hobbles and pulled out. As soon as Mr. Vinton saw what happened, he saddled up a horse as quick as possible and with his brother-in-law, a one-armed Mexican, Jose Mocho, went down to the ranch and notified Blackhaller and Oge about the Indians, and they hurriedly got up a bunch of eight men and took up the trail of the Indians and followed them clear to the Rio Grande, but never did get in sight of them, so poor Mr. Blackhaller had to hustle and get up another bunch of ponies.

The same experience happened to Woodward and Oge about three months after that. We were all camped out on Elm Creek, three miles south of the road, and were getting ready to go an a big day hunt the next day. We had 35 head of nice fat cow ponies all hobbled out. The next morning when we got up and went to look for our ponies there was not one to be found, and they never did get any of them back. Luckily that was not all the horses they had, so next day we had to send a man back to the ranch for a mount for each of us. Some time after that occurrence I had a narrow escape from the Indians. It happened just before we were getting ready to hit the trail in the spring of 1876. There were about eight or ten men at the ranch road branding cattle and there was Jim Newton, two Mexicans and myself out on the Elm prarie herding a bunch of 1,500 head which had already been branded. At noon one of us would go to the ranch after our dinner, and, as luck would have it, my turn came that day. So about noon I struck out to the ranch after my dinner. There was about two miles of heavy mesquite brush between the ranch and this Elm prairie, which saved my life, since I was riding poor, scrawny, little old pony that could not catch a fat hog and was only fit to herd on. It seems as soon as I got to this stretch of brush a band of Indians came out of it about 300 yards above and made right for the herd. As soon as Newton saw them he struck out for the ranch with three Indians after him. Luckily he had a good young horse and could keep a considerable distance ahead of them. However, the Indians kept shooting at him—with Winchesters. They shot his horse in the flank, but it didn't keep the horse from taking Newton to the ranch, where it soon lay down and expired. Now you can imagine my surprise when I came trotting up on my little dogie pony and saw the greatest commotion amongst those men at the branding pen and Newton there with his horse dead and him scared pale as a ghost.

He told me what had happened and said the two Mexicans, who were on the far side of the herd from where the Indians struck it, made their get-a-way safely. Had I remained at the herd and one of the others gone after the dinner, the chances are that I would not be writing this article today.

Now those Indians did not do a thing but stampede that herd of beeves to the four winds, and you can bet there was no dinner for anybody that day, as all hands at the pen, and the writer included, had to hustle after those cattle and try and save as many as possible.

It turned out that about one-half, or 750 head, were recovered.

Another time they made a raid down the main highway along the Frio River and passed within 100 yards of the

Woodward and Oge ranch, going down towards Friotown, but did not molest anyone at said ranch but overtook two Mexicans about a mile below the ranch, who had some water-melons in an ox cart to sell at Friotown, killed one of them and wounded the other, who made his escape in the thick brush. After eating all the melons they wanted they killed the yoke of oxen and kept on their way towards Friotown, struck a little ranch two miles from town and found only two men there, one of which was an old gentleman named Massey, whom they murdered. The other man got away from them by jumping into the Frio River and hiding in the water under a bluff.

After killing old man Massey they plundered the houses, took all the blankets and comforts, and cut open two feather beds and scattered the feathers all over the place and took what flour and meal there was and destroyed it, and pulled out south, leaving Friotown, to left and never were heard from again.

That kind of work kept up to the winter of 1877, when they made their last raid. This happened just between Christmas and New Year's day. I think—about December 27th. In the afternoon a Mexican was out in the horse pasture looking for some horses and saw a bunch of twelve Indians coming through with a large bunch of horses and rounding up all they could find in the pasture. As soon as he saw them he made it to the ranch as fast as possible and reported to Mr. Oge. This was about 3 p. m. and Mr. Oge summoned every available man on the ranch which was eight, counting himself, Mr. Woodward, Jim and Tom Newton and two Mexicans and Mr. Moore, who was a visitor from Atascosa County, and my self. This Mr. Moore was put on a horse and dispatched to Friotown to notify a company of 25 rangers who were camped there to come to their assistance. This left me alone on the ranch to look out and protect the women and children which task I accepted with a great deal of reluctance, since I was willing and anxious to get into a scrap with those red devils. This left six to fight the Indians, one white man against two Indians, which was not so bad. After going in a fast gallop they overtook and got ahead of the Indians, just about seven miles from the ranch. As soon as the Indians saw the white men after them they rounded up the horses, about 70 head and left two to hold them while the other ten got ready to attack the enemy.

They opened fire on the whites at once all of whom except Mr. Oge had dismounted in some mesquite timber, which was some protection to them. Mr. Oge stayed mounted and acted as captain of the crowd, being an old Indian fighter, commanded all hands to shoot the lead to them. This kept up for about 15 minutes. The Indians all around with Winchesters kept exchanging shots with the whites from a distance of about 150 yards.

All at once the chief of the Indians motioned his warriors for a charge in order to see whether they could dislodge the enemy. They came at full speed for about 75 yards, and seeing that the whites held their ground, reined up and whirled back and kept shooting and yelling their warwhoops. After about ten minutes they made a second charge and came a little closer than the first time. At this charge two of the Mexicans got cold feet and started to run, but Mr. Oge pulled his winchester on them and commanded them to return to their post, which they did muy pronto. The Indians saw thy could not bluff the enemy on their second charge, so they returned to the bunch of horses. While some of them kept up their fusilade, others were roping fresh mounts. When all had changed for the best horses in the bunch they scampered away through the chaparral thickets and were soon lost to sight, leaving the horses all nicely rounded up.

As soon as the Indians had gone, Mr. Oge and his five companions rode up to the horsss and were looking at them when they sighted the Rangers coming full speed, just about 15 minutes too late to do any good, which made Mr. Oge and his party feel mighty sick, since if they had come on time, all having strong cornfed horses and the best of guns and ammunition, they surely would have bagged the whole bunch. Thus ended the last Indian fight that was ever pulled off in Southwest Texas.

On looking over the horses they had left, it was found they had some from Bandera and Medina counties. We later heard this same bunch of Indians had murdered Mr. Phillips, a deputy sheriff of Bandera County, a few days previous to this fight. This is an authentic ac-

count as given by Mr. Oge after the fight to the writer. Soon after this occurrence we began rounding up beeves preparatory for another drive to Ogallala, Neb., of which I was a member and which was my third trip—a record of which can be found in th first volume of the "Old Trail Drivers of Texas." On my return to Texas on August 15, 1877, I embarked in the mercantile business at Bandera with my brother, where I married Miss Mattie Rugh on May 4, 1880, who has proved to be a true and faithful partner during all these years. We raised five children, one boy and four girls—Fred V., Stella, Minna, all of San Antonio, and Ruth and Clara Kathryn of Raton, N. M., and all have turned out to be honorable and self-respecting citizens of which we can be justly proud. I am now 68 years old, hale and hearty and never lost a tooth, nor even had a toothache, and am spending the evening of my life playing with my grandchildren. My present address is 410 Brandon Avenue, San Antonio.

When Judge Roy Bean Lost a Case.

San Antonio Light, 1914.

To J. W. Schofield, city salesman of A. B. Frank & Company of San Antonio belongs the distinction of having served as clerk in "Judge" Roy Bean's court when "Law West of the Pecos," had application to all classes of cases, civil and criminal, and the "Judge" power to render judgment extending all the way from the imposition of a petty fine, to the pronunciation of the death penalty.

The honor is not to be lightly construed. Mr. Schofield is the only person known to have officiated in the dispensation of justice in the most unique court in the history of judicial procedure. It was in every sense a high honor, for Judge Roy Bean, as was becoming his unusual prerogative, alone and unaided administered the "law" of his court. But the case under consideration was one in which the defendant threatened an appeal in the event the case went against him. Under the circumstances Judge Bean thought best to comply with the wishes of the attorney for the defense and Mr. Schofield was appointed to act as clerk.

The case was the result of the rivalry which existed between Judge Bean's saloon and that of J. P. Torres.

In the spring of 1893, Mr. Schofield visited Langtry in the capacity of drummer of one of the San Antonio houses. D. Hart a prominent sheepman of West Texas was preparing at the time, to pay off 300 or more sheep shearers who had been engaged to shear the animals. In anticipation of reaping some of the benefits of this spurt of prosperity, Judge Bean had laid in an extra stock of beer and whiskey. His rival was not slow to follow his lead.

The Mexican shearers arrived, and went in droves to the "Jersey Lily," Judge Bean's saloon. Satisfaction spread over his face as he looked over at the almost empty place of his rival.

But Torres was not easily outwitted. He had a partner running a saloon with a dance hall in connection at Flanders, the point where the railroad gang engaged in the construction of the Pecos bridge was camped. Torres dispatched a messenger to him with instructions to bring the dancing girls at Flanders to Langtry, accompanied by the orchestra. The move was not known to Judge Bean, if it had been, an injunction restraining Torres from brnging the women and the music to his place would have been issued immediately.

Soon after the arrival of the dancers, strains of music issued from Torres' place to the accompaniment of shifting feet. The crowd of Mexicans in Judge Bean's saloon, one by one, raised their lips from the glasses, and in crowds departed to the scent of revelry.

Judge Bean scratched his head and called for his friend, Mr. Schofield.

"Now look here, Schofield, it ain't in keeping with justice that all this amount of beer I have imported for this occasion should go to waste," he said. "It ain't economy, and it ain't accordin' to the statutes of the State of Texas."

"I'll pull Torres for conducting a disorderly house. There are more ways than one of doing business," he said, while deputizing several cowpunchers to arrest Torres, and bring him before the honorable court of the law west of the Pecos.

Following the arrest of Torres, his place was closed down, and the shearers

returned to the "Jersey Lily," while the case of the State of Texas versus J. P. Torres, was duly docketed and called for trial.

Mr. Cunningham, inspector of customs, stationed at Langtry, appeared for the defendant, and demanded a jury. He also informed Judge Bean that in the event the case went against his client in the lower court an appeal would be taken. He was in turn informed that the decisions of Judge Bean's courts were conclusive and final and no such thing as an appeal had ever been heard of. Mr. Cunningham insisted that an appeal would be taken, and Judge Bean called on Mr. Schofield for assistance.

While Mr. Schofield agreed to serve as clerk, his intentions were to leave on the night train. Just as he was in the act of boarding the train, however, a ranger stepped up to him and asked if he had not been appointed to act as clerk. Mr. Schofield admitted that such was the case Upon this the ranger then told him that he had better remain and perform his duties. Mr. Schofield agreed with the ranger when he caught sight of two big sixshooters that looked like business.

In the morning the case was called.

Mr. Cunninghom having a smattering of law, got the best of the argument, and put Judge Bean to rout on several legal points. Whenever the Judge was unable to reply to the sallies of Mr. Cunningham, he would hold u p the only law book he had which was a statute of the state, and say:

"If what you say is the law, and is in the book, and ain't a good law, then I'll tear it out of the book."

Mr. Schofield who was busily engaged in performing the usual duties of the clerk in addition to taking and subscribing testimony, realized that the case was going against the Judge. In the end the jury disagreed and it being impossible to secure another, the case was dropped for the time being.

A year later Judge Bean, on a visit to the city, met Mr. Schofield, who naturally, was still greatly interested in the case.

"Well I finally got the best of Torres," he told him. "A jack-leg lawyer turned up in Langtry broke, some time ago, and in discussing the case with him, I found out that Cunningham had no right to practice law. The lawyer told me if he did not have a license he had no right to defend Torres. After that things looked easy. I called on Torres and told him that I had him. The thing I sprung on him was, that I had discovered that Cunningham did not have a license to practice law, and therefore his action in defending him was illegal and contrary to the constitution of the state and the United States, and if he wanted to plead guilty, it would cost him $25, but if he did not, then I would try him again and stick him to the limit. Torres came across and paid the $25."

Judge Bean had at this time run afoul of the real law, by giving divorce degrees to two Mexican hombres in order that they might exchange wives. In discussing the case, Judge Bean gave gave expression to an axiom which he alone has ever been able to understand. "Law," he said to Mr. Schofield, "is the true dispensation of Justice."

"The two Mexicans," he explained, "appeared before me and secured a license to marry. I issued the license and married them. About four months later the same men came to me again and said they wanted to be divorced so that they could exchange wives. They said that in marrying they had married the wrong women, and had now concluded that their difficulties dould be solved by being divorced and re-married. I granted the divorce, and swapped the wives around for them.

"It was not long after this that the county judge at Fort Stockton got wind of the proceedings and called on me at Langtry. He told me I had exceeded my authority, and that he would be compelled to arrest me and take me to the jail at Ft. Stockton. I finally succeeded in getting the judge to remain over night in Langtry, and knowing he was fond of playing poker, I sent out for some of my boys.

"The judge had about twenty dollars with him, which he soon lost. Of course, I supplied him with money frrom time to time, and when daylight came the judge owed me about $500.

"He called for his horse and rode away without mentioning anything more about the criminal proceedings against me for granting the divorce, and I did not remind him of the money he had borrowed from me. After he had gone, the boys came around and gave me back my money."

Early History of Arizona.

The early history of Arizona has been one of struggle and bloodshed, and today there are left many historic places that tell a mute story of the struggle of red men and the white for the supremacy of the land. Globe and vicinity have their full share of such places. While no monument may mark the spot, nor any bronze tablet proclaim the name of the hero or heroes long since mouldered to dust, yet their record is carved on the scroll of the recording angel, who makes no erasures. Neither does he forget.

Globe, and especially Gila and Pinal counties, were the center of many thrilling experiences and bloody contests, which, while not recorded in history, dwell in the minds of witnesses, or those who took part in the dramas of the western country.

A familiar name of the residents of Globe is that of "Bloody Tanks," situated about three or four miles on the road to Iron ranch and Superior from the present site of the town of Miami.

This place received its name from a terrible battle which was fought at that point about 57 years ago between a company of men of this region, organized for the purpose of fighting Indians, and a large band of Apaches who had been on the warpath for several months. The Indians had been committing depredations and killing miners, "running off stock," and practicing a great system of thieving for several months. The little company of men were camped at the "Tanks" when the Indians came upon them about daylight one morning. A shower of arrows and a few shots was the first intmation the white men had of the presence of the Indian.

The white men immediately returned the fire, killing six of the Indians. The Indians then drove off and circled the camp, riding their horses around the brow of a small knoll on the west side of the creek. After about an hour they made a charge on the little company and killed four of the white men and wounded two more.

The Indians, however, lost heavily as about twelve of their number were killed. The Indians then made a regular and continued attack, finally closing in on the men and engaging in a hand to hand conflict.

The fight lasted until almost dark, when the Indians ceased their attack, and under cover of darkness the white men were able to put up a kind of breastworks. Seeing that this had been done the Indians did not again attack them.

The last survivor of this memorable battle was a pioneer resident of Globe who died about ten years ago.

Another point of interest, and one which is known to practically all of the old timers is the Apache Leap, about three miles from Superior. Here it was that a band of Apaches who had left the reservation and were being closely pursued by United States soldiers, who were ordered to return them to the reservation, jumped to a man from the top of the precipice and were dashed to death on the rocks six hundred feet below. Not a man escaped, and to this day buttons and arrow heads and pieces of their bones are found at the foot of the ragged cliff where they met death rather than acknowledge defeat at the hands of their enemies.

Six miles from this place, and in view for many miles, stands the mountain in the desert known as Picket Post. This name was given it from the fact that during the Indian troubles soldiers were posted on the top of this peak for the purpose of keeping a lookout over the surrounding country, and reporting the movement of the Indians across the plains. When a large body of Indians were seen by the pickets a huge beacon fire was built warning the soldiers and settlers that the Indians were again on the move. The old stone building and a portion of the signal tower is still standing as a grim sentinel watching over the gray wastes which stretch far away to the west to Superstition mountains.

The Indians learned to look for signal fires and would then retreat to the mountains and make a detour of many miles in order to approach the American settlements. So vigilant, however were the soldiers and citizens that Indian depredations became a rarity and finally altogether ceased in the district.

A few miles from the foot of Pickett Post is the old site of Pinal, which also played an important part in the early settlement of this territory. Here it

was that a company of seven men sought refuge behind a stone wall and fought the redskins for 48 hours until relief came. When a troop of cavalry under Captain Cole arrived there were five dead or wounded and one unhurt.

Three days after the attack at Pinal a small company of prospectors camped at a spring that is on the old road from Pinal to the Raymert mine, and thence to Florence. The prospectors took refuge behind the rocks and fought for several hours, the last man finally using his last cartridge to save himself from the torture of the savages. It is stated however, that the Indians took his body and buried it in a shallow grave as a tribute to his bravery. The bodies of his comrades were scalped and left to bleach on the desert.

The Indians camped at the spring and the following morning at daybreak were attacked by a small force of United States soldiers and the entire band wiped out. In all twenty-seven Indians and fourteen soldiers were killed in the fight.

This was the last fight of any importance in that section of Arizona, and shortly afterwards the Indians were once more taken back to the reservation and peace was again prevalent, with the exception of acts of violence committed by individual Indians until Victoria commenced his raids in the latter part of the year 1878.

A Cowboy Still in the Saddle at 94.

When you hear of a 94-year-old man you picture him as having a long beard and white hair, a cane and rheumatism and a squeaky voice. Very well. Now meet Reese Barton, a 94-year-old cowboy. Go to Childress, Texas, out on the "Staked Plains," but not far below the Oklahoma line, and go out to the B. P. Smith ranch, and ask for "Reese," just "Reese." He'll greet you with a booming voice and a slap on the back and a "he-man's" handshake.

No one remembers when Reese Barton came to "Staked Plains" of Texas. He has a family Bible that shows he was born in South Carolina in March, 1830, and he was out on the Texas ranges when houses were scarcer than men at a Rudolph Valentino photoplay.

"I'm 60 years old," a Childress citizen will tell you, "and when I came here as a kid Reese was one of the best known cowboys in the whole countryside and everyone called him 'Old Man Barton.'

"He only looks about 60 now," you will tell the Childress man. "How old did he look then for the love of heaven?"

"Just about the same," will come the answer. "In the last generation he doesn't seem to have changed a bit."

Barton had a thousand experiences in Texas in the old days, but, like many plainsmen, he is loath to tell about them. He knew "Wild Bill" Hickok and "Bat" Masterson in the hectic Dodge City days. John Little and R. D. Fant and "Shanghai" Pierce and "Bob" Chisholm, famous trail drivers, were his "pals." He has gone through practically every scene and incident of which the late Emerson Hough tells in his novel of the plains, "North of 36."

Barton has a record for driving herds of cattle to Kansas that he is willing to put up against any old-time cowman. Before the railroads were built he helped take twenty-five thousand head in one drive from the Brazos River northward. His usual drive consisted of thirty-five hundred head. A drive like that would require, on the average, ten cowboys, with two horses for each man. Barton today is more than six feet tall, weighs in proportion, stands as straight as a rod, wears old-time man-sized boots, sombrero, a bandana handkerchief around his neck, and a smile that seldom comes off. He spends seven hours a day riding after cattle. He goes to bed at 10 o'clock at night and gets up at 4 in the morning. He gets on and off his horses unaided, although most 94-year-old men have difficulty negotiating the distance between a bed and a wheel chair. Barton ascribed his good health to two reasons—his constant outdoor existence and the care he takes never to overeat. "I've practically lived in the open ever since I can remember," he pointed out. "Why, I never slept in a house until very recently. And I can't overestimate the importance of that 'don't over-eat' warning. If a man feeds himself like a glutton all the time, it's bound to get him sooner or later."

"Did you ever go to school?" he was asked.

"Never."

"But you know how to read?"

"Oh, yes; and you'll laugh when I tell you how I learned. I picked it up by studying the brand letters on cattle, and then when I had more time to put to reading I took it up, so I now read as much, I'm willing to bet, as any man in the city."

"Do you ever long for the days of fifty or sixty years ogo?"

"Yes, I do. People lived differently in those days and were lots more hospitable and generous. Out here in West Texas it didn't make any difference whether a fellow had money or not. Others had it and would supply his needs if they saw he was up against it. Then, when he got money and they were hard up he would return the favor. Today it's everybody for himself. People are lots more selfish and stingy than they used to be."

Some Early Day Outlaws.

By Taylor Thompson.

Taylor Thompson, now deceased, was a well known printer, newspaper man, ranger, and Confederate soldier. His series of articles, dealing with his experiences on the frontier, which will appear in this Magazine, will be found very interesting.

From the time of the close of the war between the United States and Mexico and probably even before that time San Antonio was the headquarters of many noted outlaws and desperadoes. It was quite natural that it should be the home or the rendezvous of such men because for many years it was a frontier village, the outpost of civilization of that section of the state. It is only on hundred and fifty miles from the old town to the Rio Grande and the country between was for many years unsettled. It was an easy matter for a man well mounted to get across the Rio Grande into Mexico, where he was safe from arrest, because for many years there was no extradition treaty between the United States and Mexico.

San Antonio was for many years the paradise of gamblers and there were a number of men who followed that calling who were looked upon as outlaws when they were not in the city. Some of these men may not have been guilty of the charges for it was an easy matter in that early day to make such charges but it was a more difficult matter to find the necessary proof to bear out the charges.

So daring did some of the outlaws become and so lax was the enforcement of law in that day and time that the citizens organized secretly a band of vigilantes, who took the law into their own hands and many men on whom suspicion settled were hanged by these vigilantes. It was not an uncommon thing for early risers to see a man dangling from some convenient tree to whom the vigilantes had dealt out summary justice—though it may not always have been justice—the night before. I remember having seen several such cases.

There used to be at the corner of Military Plaza and Flores street, a large china tree on which I remember seeing a man hanging one morning in 1856. Indeed, there were three men hung on the same tree though I only saw one of them.

My father moved to San Antonio in 1856. At that time there were three men who had for several years been known around the city as members of the sporting fraternity. So open and daring were the acts of outlawry committed by these three men that bills of indictment were found against them all by the grand jury. There were several bills against each of them, charging them with horse-theft, murder and highway robbery. Of course, after these indictments were returned the three men only visited the city secretly, though it was well known that they did occasionally come in. One night in 1856 the officers received information that these three men had been seen to enter a two-story house on South Alamo street south of Commerce street. This house was on a lot which ran back to the river, the back yard being well filled with trees and shrubbery and was near the residence of an estimable citizen named Superville. Indeed, I think the house belonged to Mr. Superville. When officers

learned that these three outlaws had been seen to enter this house, they summoned a posse of fifteen or twenty men and surrounded the house. When it became daylight an officer named Finaberg, knocked on the front door of the house and demanded that it be opened in the name of the law. Receiving no response he stepped out into the street and was looking at the windows upstairs when a man appeared at one of the windows and shot him dead. Some one of the posse saw and recognized the assailant at the window and a fusillade of shots were fired into the window, though with what result was not then known. In the meantime the alarm had been given and a number of other citizens joined the posse. A large cedar pole was secured which was used as a battering ram and the front door of the house broken down. This door opened into a stairway leading to the upper story and about the time the door fell in a man appeared at an upper window firing on and killing another officer. When the front gave way a number of the posse headed by Captain W. B. Tobin, a well known citizen and exranger captain, and Jim Taylor, made a dash for the stairway. One of the men stood at the head of the stairway with a sixshooter in each hand. He shot Jim Taylor through the right lung, Captain Tobin through the left arm and several other members of the posse were slightly wounded. They did not stop, however, anl when they reachel the second floor the man was dead, lying in a pool of blood and there were several bullets in his body. It might he stated here that all the members of the posse who were wounded recovered. A close search of the upper story of the building failed to disclose the whereabouts of either of the other two men. It developed later that one had left the house soon after the three men had entered it before daybreak and shortly after daybreak the other had gone out at the back door and protected from sight by the shrubbery had reached the river, entered it and swam down the stream, he said afterward, about a mile, landing near the old Mission Concepcion. Vegetation grew along the margin of the river, which protected him from view while in the water and indeed there were not many houses along that portion of the river in that day. Some months later he was arrested and safely lodged in the ounty jail which then stood on the northwest corner of Military Plaza, immediately in the rear of the courthouse. The jail was surrounded by a stone wall which was said to have been about sixteen feet in height, the top of the wall being covered with broken glass set in with mortar. The prisoner, aided by friends on the outside, had succeeded in removing his manacles, escaped into the jail yard, reached the top of this wall by some means and jumped to the ground outside; in the jump he dislocated one of his ankles so that he could not walk. He lay on the ground for some time and finally ventured to call a man who was passing by This man recognized him, but instead of notifying the officers he called to some other men who were passing on West Commerce street north of the jail. These men were quickly joined by other citizens and the escaping prisoner was carried across the plaza to the corner of South Flores street, his arms pinioned behind him and he was hanged to a large china tree before mentioned.

Some time after the summary execution the third man fell a victim to his gallantry. He had a sweetheart living in the city whose name it is not necessary to mention, ad he ventured to visit her one night clandestinely. Someone saw him however, and reported his presence in the city to the officers. His horse was tied in the yard at the house, and having taken the alarm the man reached his horse and rode out of the yard where his sweetheart lived and was soon in the chaparrel which then grew nearly up to the San Pedro creek. A posse was hastily summoned who rode to the west, knowing that the desperado would face toward Mexico. By the merest accident this posse came upon him just after he had crossed the Medina river some half mile above what was known as the Garza crossing. I suppose he did not have the nerve that his former companion who had been hanged, at any rate he foolishly surrendered to the posse and was quickly hanged to a tree on the bank of the stream.

The vigilantes continued to deal out justice to violators of the law until about the close of the civil war. The last man I remember among the many who have been hung in the vicinity of the old city was a man named Franks, who was hung in 1864. He was charged with robbery and murder.

Tragedies of the Frontier.

We can easily understand why one who had lost a leg or an arm during the Civil War might prefer to return to the frontier where he had previously lived and where he had interests worth nursing and looking after; good serviceable substitutes can be found for missing limbs. The man, though, who has lost his eye-sight in battle, or otherwise, appears at first thought so helpless that it is hard to believe he would decline a comfortable home among old friends in Kentucky, make his way back to Texas and there settle in a section often visited by hostile Indians. Still, that was what Gen. A. R, Johnson did. Made blind by a bullet received in the fall of 1864, the war was no sooner over than he returned to his old home in Burnet county, which was then infested by savages. And there he lived many years to accumulate riches and to build up the country.

Writing of his adventures, after relating the experiences of a man named Miller and one of the Morrow boys in the spring of 1867, he says:

"It was not long after this that another raid was made upon the settlement of 'Honey Creek Cove,' It was almost twilight—a cool, peaceful evening, and no one had a thought that Indians were near. Mrs. Johnson went down to turn in the cattle—some sixty head—into the lot near the house, while with my child on my shoulder, I stood guard, my gun in my hand. I never went out without my shotgun, which, loaded with buckshot, could do full execution even in the hands of a blind man, who was practiced in its use. While we were thus occupied, two boys who had been gathering cattle rode up, dismounted, hobbled their horses and turned them into the adjoining pasture, and then went off down to the field to gather corn for the morning feed. The field was only half a mile away and they were gone only a short time. On their return they found the Indians had stolen all the horses. These two boys had hardly got out of sight when a band of eleven Indians sneaked up, unhobbled the horses and drove out of my hearing and out of Mrs. Johnson's sight, and probably my lack of sight saved me, for the red men had planned to kill me if I interfered with them, and had placed an ambush for that purpose. They had made their esape by the time the boys got back, and this time took all the horses. This band of savages had gone down the river, and coming upon old man Smith at Fort Mason crossing killed and scalped him; then passing on through Burnet, made their way northward, my fine lot of horses with them.

"In the summer of 1868 a party of eight Indians came into the settlement on the waters of the Leon, in Hamilton County. The first house they approached was that of Mr. Pickett. They sent one of their number ahead as a spy, who took his position on the top of a hill near the house. In his eagerness to spy out the land, he advanced too far out of the brush and was discovered by one of Pickett's children. The child reported the fact to its father, and he, knowing well the cunning of an Indian, walked in his yard for sometime, carelessly showing himself, as if unaware of the Indian's proximity, and then entered the house. When he came out he was accompanied by another man, each with a blanket wrapped around his shoulders and a bucket in his hand. The two took their way toward a spring a short distance off, as if for the purpose of getting water—the blankets being worn to prevent the Indians from seeing their guns.

"As soon as they were out of the Indian's sight they dropped their blankets, slipped around to the opposite sside of the hill, then cautiously crawled up to within a few yards of the place where the Indian was watching for them to return from the spring with their buckets of water. Pickett and his companion both fired at him at the same time and he fell dead, pierced with two bullets. They then hastily concealed themselves in the bushes near by, and reloading their guns, stood in readiness for the advance of his comrades. They had not long to wait, for the other seven Indians hearing the shots, came rushing up to see what was the matter. When they were in close gunshot distance the two men in ambuscade fired upon them and killed two more. The remaining five turned and fled, but unfortunately for them they had gone but a short distance when they met Captain Crawfield. This gallant officer at once charged them, killed three of the band and wounded a fourth, the fifth making good his escape. The wounded Indian was disabled en-

tirely and died soon after the fight occurred. That night the one who had escaped rturned to the place and buried him. Only one out of these eight Indians survived.

"On the fifth of February, 1868, while Mrs. Friend, the owner of a home in Legion Valley, about fifteen miles from Llano, and a less distance from Honey Creek Cove, in company with two or three ladies and a lot of children, was at the cow pen, situated about a hundred yards from the house, engaged in !king, they were startled at the sig- some fifteen Indians passing by. The women with the children fled to the house and barred the door. The savages, seeing no men around the place, also turned their course toward the house. At the time of the attack the inmates of the house were Mrs. Friend, Mrs. Samantha Johnson, Mrs. Rebecca Johnson, Miss Amanda Townsend, Malinda Cordle, a little girl; Lee Temple Friend, a lad of eight years, and the two babies of the Mrs. Johnsons. The house was made of pickets and when the Indians found that the door had been barred they pulled out a couple of pickets. The only resistance was made by Mrs. Friend who insisted upon the other ladies joining her in the defense of the place, but they counseled conservatism, thinking that the Indians would not bother them if they submitted quietly.

"There were two guns in the house and Mrs. Friend, seeing an Indian about to enter through the aperture made by pulling out the pickets, siezed one of the weapsons and attempted to shoot,, but the gun was wrested from her hands by an Indian buck, who doubtless would have shot her had not another Indian—possibly fearing an alarm would be given by the report of the gun—snatched it away from him. The savage who had attempted to shoot was then struck by Mrs. Friend with a smoothing iron. The blow almost knocked him down, but he recovered himself, fitted an arrow to his bow and shot Mrs. Friend in the side; a second arrow passing through her arm, and a third striking her in the breast. After receiving the third wound, being unable to make further resistance, she seated herself upon the bed and leaned against one of its posts. Thinking she was dead, one of the brutes began to scalp her. This gave her so much pain she threw up her hand and caught the knife. The Indian drew it fiercely through her hand, cutting it severely. Attempting to sieze it a second time, the savage dealt her three hard blows which completely disabled her and he then finished the fiendish operation of scalping her at his leisure, and left the poor woman for dead. But another fiend incarnate, thinking possibly she lived, returned and gave the arrow in her breast several jerks backward and forward to see if she would flinch. But though perfectly conscious and suffering intensely, the heroic woman lay perfectly still and silent, and satisfied she was dead, the red devil left.

"All the others who were in the house when it was attacked were taken prisoners and Mrs. Friend hearing their cries as they were led off, arose and tried to walk to the window to get a farewell look at her friends. Being weakened by loss of blood, she was unable to stand, but she did succeed in crawling to an opening in the side of the house, where she watched them until they were out of sight. Then she bound a cloth around her head and having put back in the house such things as the savages, had left, started on foot to Mr. Bradford's about a mile nd a half away. It was then about sundown, but it was not until 8 o'clock that she reached her destination. On her way she slacked her burning thirst with snow. As she approached the house the dogs began a loud barking and Bradford came out to see what was disturbing them. When he saw the bloody figure the moonlight revealed, it frightened him so he ran back into the house.

"Mrs. Friend called to him and told him who she was, then he came out and took her in. At her request he extracted all the arrows from her body, and fearing the Indians would return, fled with his family. Bloody, faint from her wounds, scalped and still bleeding Mrs. Friend was left alone, these heartless people not even taking time to dress her wounds or remove her bloody clothing. They did, however, have the grac~ to make a fire and set a bucked of water by her, but then deserted the helpless woman.

"The next morning two widows living in Legion Valley came to Mrs. Friend's relief. The cloth on her head had dried and stuck so fast to the wound that it could only be removed by the use of hot water, and her body was so swollen from arrow wounds that it was with

great difficulty her clothing was gotten off. These kind ladies did all they could for her, but it was not till late in the evening that a doctor arrived. It was almost a year before Mrs. Friend recovered her health. She then moved to Kansas.

"During the night of the same day a runner arrived in the town of Llano and announced the sad tragedy. Early next morning ten or twelve armed citizens rode to Legion Valley. Arriving upon the ground, their examination showed that the Indians had gone in a southerly direction. 'When about a mile and a half from the house,' says D. L. Luce of Hays County, 'we found on a large rock six or eight feet high, Mrs. Johnson's baby with its brains knocked out. Four miles further on the trail on the top of a mountain, we found where they had built a fire, roasted their meat, and from impressions on the ground we supposed their stay here had been for sometime. At this place a trail was found leading out from the camp to a thicket about a hundred yards distant. Following the trail to this point we found the mangled body of Miss Townsend, Mrs. Johnson's 18-year-old sister. She had been tied down on the snow-covered ground and from all appearances had been brutally outraged, then killed and her body mutilated almost beyond recognition.

Continuing the pursuit three miles further on, in the valley not far from the J. C. Talley place, we found the body of Mrs. Johnson, stripped of nearly all clothing and nearly eaten up by the hogs. After winding through the mountains and collecting about thirty head of horses the Indians turned due west. We followed them for five days and then our horses gave out and left us afoot.'

"The little girl, Malinda Cordle, was carried off with the little Friend boy and remained a captive about eight months, when she was recovered by a body of United States dragoons and sent to Fort Leavenworth, Kan., from there to Fort Arbuckle and then returned to her relations in Texas. The little boy was held by the Indians for nearly five years but was finally recovered by his grandfather, L. S. Friend. At the time of his reclamation he could speak nothing but the Indian dialect and had learned all the customs of the savages."

When Charlie Rivers Was Killed.

John O. Allen, Cookville, Texas.

Before I give the details of this fight, I want to pay a small tribute to the memory of Charlie Rivers, my best friend, and as brave and big-hearted as any man that ever lived on the frontier of Texas. The Rev. W. G. Parsons, a Presbyterian minister, married Charlie to his second wife, who was the widow of Dr. Ford, and I think a sister of the Lovings, who were cattlemen. The Rev. W. G. Parsons was an uncle of mine and a brother to Dr. J. D. Parsons who lived in Dallas several years ago. Charlie gave my uncle five twenty dollar gold pieces for his wedding fee, a big fee, but not as big as the heart of the man who gave it.

Charlie River did one thing that I don't think any other man has ever done. During the '60's, just after the Civil War when everything was at its worst, so far as desperadoes and Indians were concerned, he rode a burro or donkey, all the way from California to Parker county, Texas, traveling mostly at night. When Charlie was killed, I said goodbye to my best friend.

I am very sure that I am the only man living that was in this fight, and as there has been different opinions given as to how, and who killed him, I want to give it just as it was. My memory is good and I know just how it was, so I will give it that way. Several of my friends have requested me to write up an account of this fight.

It was about the 15th of June, 1872, and the day before Charlie had sold out his cattle, horses and ranch to the Lovings. That night after the trade was made, we camped on the north bank of Rock Creek, which ran west. Rock Creek is in Jack county. After the camp was arranged and just before dark, the horses, about fifty-one head, were put under guard south of the camp, across the creek and about one hundred yards from the camp. There were, I think, eleven men in the outfit, one chuck wagon and a pair of mules, the fifty one

head of horses, forty-nine of which belonged to Charlie and two were mine, and one of these two, "Old Spank" by name, is the horse that saved my life in the Indian fight on Salt Creek Prairie, in which Henry Heberson was killed.

When the camp was pitched in the evening, the chuck wagon was left near the creek with the tongue pointing south and not more than ten feet from the creek. Charlie's tent was west of the wagon about ten feet and fronted south. The boys were west and east of Charlie's tent; there was no one in front or behind him. The men who bought Charlie out, were camped two miles down the creek, west of us. Back, or north of us there was a range of hills from which we were satisfied the Indians spied on us in the evening. It was a star-light night. The Indians came down the creek west of us. About two hundred yards up the creek, they detained some to hold the horses and one bunch came down the creek, while the other bunch was mounted to stampede the horses.

At twelve o'clock I had just come off guard and lay down on my blanket, with my head in my saddle and feet toward the creek, not more than ten feet from it. At a signal from the bunch in the creek with a pistol shot, which was fired in the air, the mounted bunch made a dash for the horses. The Indians in the creek began pouring bullets and arrows into our camp like hail.. I turned my head toward the creek and began shooting. The first shot I fired, they shot at the blaze of my gun and their first bullet bursted my saddle horn. For a few moments the bullets were flying thick into our camp and Charlie stood up in front of his tent and emptied his pistols. He then went near the end of the wagon tongue to get his gun. As he stopped down, not more than six feet from the bank of the creek, an Indian reached up from where he was hidden and shot him with a navy six-shooter under the right breast and the ball came out on the left hand side of his back just over the hip. I heard him cry out that he was killed and I jumped up and ran around to the wagon where he was. His hand was on his breast and he said: "I am killed, but fight them." We left him and went to the bank of the creek and shot and clubbed them with our guns. In a few moments we routed them and they took their dead and wounded back up the creek to where the horses were being held, and the mounted bunch had driven the horses off, knocking one boy off his horse and wounding him. The other guard came around west of the camp and got in just as we were laying Charlie down in his tent. We sent him post haste down the creek where the other outfit was camped to get help. When they came we sent two of them to Weatherford for a doctor. About seven o'clock next morning, Drs. W. C. Milliken and McDermett came and we took him to Weatherford, where he lived about six weeks. I shall never forget how his wife took his death.

Charlie had two race horses in the bunch that was captured. One of them, "Roan" by name, had on a small bell, and the next morning he was lying dead on the prairie with a spear stuck in him just behind the shoulder, and one of the wagon mules was shot and killed where he was tied behind the wagon. The wagon bed was full of arrows, and in the ditch was one or two bows and some pistols and arrows dropped by the Indians. All of us boys felt like we had lost our best friend. This is a true account of the fight in which Charlie Rivers was killed, and this battle wound up the career of one of the bravest men that ever lived on the frontier of Texas.

At some other time I will give an account of the fight with the Comanche Indians which occurred on Salt Creek Prairie, on the first Sunday in May, 1872.

Several newspapers in this state have been using articles from Frontier Times without giving due credit to this publication. We must enter a protest, and insist that when such articles are used that the line "From Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas," appear at the head of the article. Before a great while we shall begin copyrighting each number of Frontier Times, and then permission will have to be secured to use our stories. The "Heel Fly Time in Texas" story now appearing, was copyrighted in 1911.

George O. Burrows, a well known frontiersman and trail driver, whose home was at Del Rio for many years, died April 1, at an advanced age.

We would like to receive reminiscent sketches from all of the Texas pioneers. Write your sketch in your own way, giving your experience on the frontier.

Buried Treasure of Jean Lafitte.

The following story appeared in the San Antonio Light, February 17, 1924. Frontier Times does not vouch for its truthfulness, in fact, there are statements in the article which do not sound at all reasonable, but it's a good story and we publish it for what it is worth:

Somewhere under their feet in the marshy grass there was a chest filled with gold and precious gems worth a million dollars. It was the buried treasure of the old pirate, Jean Lafitte. They worked for days trying to locate it with the aid of a delicate instrument, but they failed.

It sounds like fiction, but is fact. Three San Antonio men, the identity of two of whom must remain secret, stood on the spot. For years they had been interested in buried treasure legend.

They traced down two leads, both of which disclosed a story so similar, that a foundation of fact must have been the base. They found Lafitte's ship rotting beneath the surface of the water, where he had sunk it when he was trapped like a rat and forced to flee with his ill-gotten gains. They got so close to the chest that they forgot the stinging bites of the mosquitoes. They came so near to that buried treasure that they could almost see it, but they finally came back to San Antonio—empty handed.

J. C. Wise, of San Antonio, general manager of the Universal Exploration company, for the first time has revealed the history of the strange organization which sometime ago set out to hunt down buried treasure. Months and months were spent on perfecting a machine which would detect the presence of metal in the ground, it was tested out and found effective. Then, they set out to find a buried treasure, and after investigation they pieced the following tale together of Jean Lafitte's treasure, which bore semblance of having been based on actual occurrences.

In the year 1817 (some authorities say 1816) when the celebrated bucaneer Lafitte was driven by the authorities of the United States government from Barataria, he established himself on the island of Galveston. Here he built a small village, calling it Compeachy. He styled himself, Governor of Galveston and bore a commission furnished him by Colonel Bean, as Commodore in the navy of Mexico, but the commerce of other nations besides Mexico, suffered his depredations.

In 1821 the United States sent a naval force under the command of Lieut-Kearney to break up this band of semi-pirates. When Kearney arrived near Galveston, Lafitte disbanded his company and was supposed to have bid farewell to the Texas coast.

As a matter of fact, he did not, but taking his fastest ship and the pick of his band, he slipped in Port Lavaca bay, noted at that time for its shallow water and treacherous sand bars. Lafitte, however, knew one channel past them and he established his new headquarters in a hiding place in the mouth of the Arenoso river, out of view of any ships that might pass in the gulf.

Here he would lie in wait for his prey slipping out of the bay and swooping down on his victims. After it was all over he would disappear, seemingly, and all attempts to locate him failed. One day he ventured out into the gulf looking for an easy victim, and, unwittingly slipped up on a man-o-war. Seeing his mistake, he turned tail and fled for his haven and got inside the dangerous sand bors in the nick of time.

The captain of the cruiser, however, was a sly old bird, so he turned around and went past the point where Port Lavaca now stands and lay in wait for Lafitte to come out of his hiding place. When Lafitte supposed the man-o-war to have left the vicinity, he stuck his nose out and went out on another foray, deciding to be more cautious in the future. The first thing he knew, the cruiser was bearing down on him from around the point. He again turned and fled. The cruiser came as near the shallow water as possible and dropped anchor. The captan closely watched the course that Lafitte took and then started in after him, sounding as he went. He was bottling the pirate in his hole.

Lafitte seeing that he was trapped ran his ship as far up the river as he could and abandoned it. He called his men and gave them each a share of the treasure and told them from then on, they were to look out for themselves. They went ashore in a small boat and struck out across the prairie.

Lafitte, with two trusted men, loaded a chest with gold and jewels worth over

a million dollars and placed it in a small boat. Then they sunk their ship and rowed to the shore. They carried the chest about one hundred and fifty yards from the east bank and buried it. Lafitte took his compass and Jacob Staff—a Jacob staff is long brass rod with a knob on one end which was used in those days to set a compass on instead of a tripod—and stuck the Jacob staff in the ground immdiately over the spot where the treasure was buried. He then set his compass and took his bearings on what is now called the Kentucky and Mauldinmots. Just what the readings were, no one knows, but the mots are still there today. After fixing his location, he drove the Jacob staff into the ground over the chest.

Then he and two men started up the river and north of the bay. After two or three days travel they came to house. It was bitter cold and they were hungry, so they asked permission to stay awhile. They were guests at the house for three days. When they got ready to leave, Lafitte told the man and his two boys who he was and the above story.

Lafitte told them that he was going to the Indians and left for Oklahoma. He said he was too well known to go to New Orleans or any of the other places along the Texas or Louisiana coast at that time.

After they were gone, the old man of the house and his two boys looked for the Jacob staff. For years they continued the search, but never found it. They saw the mast of the old ship hundreds of times.

The other two comrades of Lafitte left for New Orleans. One of them was killed in a drinking place a few nights after he reached there. The other one married after a time and raised two boys. On his deathbed, he told these boys the same story. Many years ago, these same boys came out to the place every spring and searched for that Jacob staff, but never found it.

More recently, just a few years ago, a man named Hill bought the property and built a house on it. He stocked the place and began to raise horses. He had several negroes working for him, and one of them had a tendancy to go to sleep during working hours. The horse raiser used to send him out to graze the horses along the river where the grass grew so luxuriantly. This negro would tie his saddle horse to something and lay down to sleep until late afternoon, when he would round up his stock and drive them back to the house.

One day he took them down in a flat along the river. He looked around for something to tie his horse to, but there was nothing but salt grass. He began looking around for somehing more substantial and pretty soon he spied a brass knob sticking out of the ground. He kicked it and it seemed solid, so he fastened the rope and lay down for his nap.

When it came time to go home, he found that the horse had almost worked the brass knob out of the ground, so he pulled the rest of it out and took it to the house with him. His master immediately recognized the long lost Jacob staff of the pirate, Jean Lafitte. He hunted and hunted but was unable to find the place where the negro had pulled the staff out of the ground, as the horses had walktd all around the flat.

With the above information the San Antonio men went to the scene of the buried treasure of Jean Lafitte. But let Mr. Wise tell it in his own words.

"Our first trip down there was quite contrary to what we had expected. First of all we got lost. We landed at the wrong red bluff on the Colorado river above old Fort Louis, about twenty-five miles from where we wanted to go. We were there two days before we found it out we we were at the wrong place, in fact we had just about given the whole thing up as a joke.

I was sent to Edna, Texas, for provisions and some batteries for the machine and I inquired around among the old settlers in a round about way until I discovered we were at the wrong place. I returned and all of us set out for the right location.

"When we got to a place called Vanderbilt we learned that the man who had charge of the ranch where we wanted to go, had gone to Victoria on business. When he returned, he would not let us in. We knew it would be the same story on the other side of the river, so the only thing left to do was to go about thirty miles further on to Port Lavaca and get a motor boat and go back up the bay. Finally we got to the spot and got busy.

"The first thing we had to do was to locate the old ship. It had long since rotted and we discovered that we would have to do some expert diving to get to

it. I think all of the fish in the bay had a playground right where we wanted to work, and they weren't all red fish or mackerel, either. At last we located what was left of the deck of the ship and then took our measurements.

"In the flat of salt grass where we wanted to work, the mud was knee deep due to the rains. For five days we slushed around in the mud, working over the ground inch by inch, without getting any results or any indications of any buried treasure.

"Lack of time prevented us from searching further, for we had to return home. Although the machine did not show the presence of any metal in the ground, yet I feel sure that somewhere in that sea of mud is thee buried treasure of Jean Lafitte."

An Old Trail Driver Talks About Early Days.

Cora Melton Cross in Dallas Semi-Weekly News.

Wm. Simpson has been a resident of one county in Texas for forty-seven years nd according to his idea, "there's no better place on God's green earth to spend the rest of the years he has to live than in Wise County."

Mr. Simpson has seen the transformation of town and country, the free grass range cut and fenced with wire into enormous pastures, they in turn cut into moderate-sized stock farms, and in some few instances he has seen these develop into towns plats or additions to towns, that have since become cities, and which at that time were simply groups of three or four houses with one store, carrying general merchandise, one or two saloons, a blacksmith shop and some sort of a name tacked onto the whole to let folks know that it was supposed to be such and such a town. He is brimful of stories and experiences of pioneer days as seen and known by the Texas cattleman of that time, and we are here giving some of these just as he told them.

"I think lots, as I grow older and older and new inventions are made to give us comfort and pleasure and help, about the days of the old frontier. My ranch, now located in Wise County, where I went forty-seven years ago make my home, is modern in every way. Automobiles and trains are ready to take us to and from places. We sit at home on a rainy day, or freezing cold night and hear the stock reports, a good sermon, or a fine musical program on the radio. Our fields are plowed and harvested by machinery and our live stoc are largely maintained that way. The stock farmer rides 'round his cattle or sheep in his car and the dairy business is carried on by trucks.

"I was a young fellow when I first started out to be a 'cowman' and the height of my ambition then was to see my brand on every 'cow brute' that I came across. I'll never forget my first visit to Fort Worth, or to the 'Fort,' as it was then called. We came through it one cold, rainy day. There were a few log cabins set 'round in a square, with one larger one, the commissary, at the back side of them. All of them had port holes to shoot from. Outside of the Fort proper, there was a boxroom store or two, six or seven saloons, some of which had poles set up for rafters with buffalo or cowhides for the roof. The postoffice was there, which made the place unusually interesting, for getting mail was an important thing then. You see that has been a long time ago. We were driving one-horse team and a yoke of oxen that 'geed and hawed' to the names of 'Rock' and 'Tony.' It got colder and colder all the way and the week before Christmas we landed in Wise county in a two-foot snow, and camped in a little log school house till the cold spell broke up. Then we set out to find a place to live in for the balance of the winter. Houses were scarce as hen's teeth then, and we were lucky to chance on Ira Long, then captain of the Texas rangers, and a better man never lived than he. He let us move in his log smokehouse, and I've often thought since that no house has seemed finer nor better than did that little old log cabin that cold winter of '77.

"Capt. Long was an Indian fighter and he was also an Indian hunter, and the red devils sure did hide out unless they knew they outnumbered his men. If they did they would attack, but they had to be sure they had the corner on Long to do it; for they knew he was bad medicine'—that was what they called him. Talk about your stories, I wish you could have talked with him; he would have told you some real exciting

things, not a yarn, but sure enough truth that was as thrilling as a movie.

"Well we decided to go the next spring to Decatur, and we did. It was a little camp, or town, as they called it then consisting of one store, which was in a one-room box house, two saloons, one of which had a barber shop in it, and a little frame courthouse, the only framed house in that part of the country.

"Yes, there were a few folks that had farms, or that was what they called them. They were about as big as my bandanna that I wore round my neck and grew, mostly, feedstuff for a couple of work horses and oxen, and some cabbage and onions and turnips also for the table, when blister bugs didn't get them first, as they most of the time did. We lived on dried fruit, frijoles and buffalo, antelope, deer and quail meat. And there was lots of all of it to be had for the killing.

"That was a sure enough cattle country then, nothing but free grass everywhere and it took some riding to keep the cattle together, I tell you. One bunch of cowboys would ride in the day and another did guard at night. We had to ride the line, too, and the colder it was the harder we rode. You know 'the line' was an imaginary range boundary and one set of ranch hands would ride until they met a bunch from another ranch and they would stop and eat and camp right there. That was the only way the cattle were kept, then, from drifting from the plains to the brakes of South Texas.

"I went up the trail several times, but the one that year was the worst and hardest of all my trailing trips. We took the cattle up the Ouachita River, somewhere near where Duncan, Okla, now is. Then, of course, it was all in the Indian Territory, and, believe me, Indian was right, too, I tell you. We had a stampede with those cattle pretty nearly every single night we were out, and it rained, hailed and snowed and worst of all it tried itself doing the lightning stunt. Talk about being scared, I tell you when that lightning got to playing 'round on the horns of those cattle we were naturally the best bunch of cowboys that ever rounded up a herd of cattle. And then when the sun came out next day we were the outcussingest bunch the Lord ever let live, I reckon.

"I remember one night I was on guard and it was storming and the cattle kept milling 'round, just ready to run at the drop of a hat; and right then she dropped from somewhere. We never did know what it was that scared those cattle, but they were just scared to death and they rode plum over me. That is, I had to drift like a house afire to keep them from killing me. Talk about your movies, there never was a picture that was as exciting as a cattle stampede on a rainy night. And that night after we got them to circling, which is the only cure for a stampeded herd, we, every one of us sang to them till we were so hoarse we couldn't speak next morning better than a whisper. That stampede business lasted all the way up the trail and I surely got enough of it.

"Sleep? Why I got so I could sleep anywhere any time; just give me a chance to sleep and I was right there. I have slept in a puddle of water under a little bunch of catclaw brush, with nothing but my saddle blanket under me and my sicker for cover and never woke up until the cook yelled 'come and get it' at breakfast next morning.

"But those were good old times, all right, and I don't know whether we are any happier with all the new changes. One thing I do know, we sure have lost that old way of asking a fellow to stay as long as he wanted to without money and without price, as the preacher says, that we had then. Why it wasn't anything to leave your ranch house in the morning and come home that night and see where some fellow had been there and had eaten up all the cold grub and maybe cooked himself a passle more and eaten that. But we never thought anything about it, only just wondered who it was. It would have made us mad as a nest of hornets if a man had offered to pay for anything he ate, or for staying all night in those days. Yep, we have lost a lot of good habits and customs along with some of the inconveniences and hardships; and I sort of have my doubts whether the present conditions will develop as steady, reliable, dependable men as was done then. But automobiles and airplanes and trains and cables and telegraphs and radios and tractors and trucks and all those things are mighty fine to have and I'm glad I have lived to see them. But all the same the frontier days were hard to beat."

We cannot supply back numbers of Frontier Times.

Some Kimble County History.

In mentioning a recent visit of M. G. Coyle and wife, of Houston, Mo., the Junction Eagle says:

M. G. Coyle and wife of Houston Mo., left the first of the week for their home after spending the winter on the W H. McKee ranch. Mr. Coyle was a member of Company D, of rangers that yere stationed here when the county was organized in 1876. The camp was located on the bank of Bear Creek, about one half mile above its mouth. At that time Capt. Dan Roberts was in charge of this company of some twenty-five rangers who patrolled this section of the country against the aggressions of lawless men and wild Indians. Mr. Coyle is familiar with many interesting bits of early history in this county. At the time he was stationed here Major John B. Jones was Adjutant General of Texas and Sull Ross was Governor. Major Jones visited each of the ranger companies once a year, and according to his statement, this section of the country was the worst in the entire State, not excepting the border country, or those sections which were continually terrorized by gangs headed by such men as Sam Bass. The Potter and Dublin boys and many others of like character, who lived in this country at the time, were a source of more trouble for the law abiding citizenship than were the Indians.

Numerous accounts of the killing of Sam Bass have been written, and a number of different men have been given credit for putting this young desperado out of the way, but according to Mr. Coyle, Geo. Harold, a member of the ranger company stationed in this country is the man who killed Sam Bass. Harold was transferred from Company D. to Company E., when men were being chosen to capture the Bass gang. This was shortly after Company D. had returned from the Mexican border, where they had been for patrol duty around where the little town of Loma now stands.

A Mexican bandit had been captured by rangers at El Paso and was being held in jail there. A body of Mexicans from beyond the Rio Grande had come across and demanded the prisoners, expecting to carry him back across the river and execute him. The rangers refused to give the man up. A fight followed in which the jail was torn down, seven or eight rangers and about forty Mexicans killed. This precipitated a state of uneasiness in this State and it was thought for a time there might be war between the United States and Mexico, and as a consequence, several companies of rangers were ordered to the border.

Capt. Roberts, who is now past eighty-three, lives near Llano. He was in the famous Pack Saddle fight and for gallantry in action, was awarded one of the first rifles ever seen in this country He carried this rifle with him while commanding his company in this county

Mr. Coyle and several other rangers were at Beaver Lake, having followed a raiding party of Indians that way, when another Indian raid was made near what is now Ingram, when four children were killed.

In 1876 to '78, when Mr. Coyle was stationed here, there was only one or two business houses here. One saloon was located where the Schriner-Hodges Co. store now stands and another, the Double O, was located just west of the court house. The court house then was only a small frame building but was at the present location of the stone court house. The postoffice was on the southwest corner of the block, on which the filling station is now located, and was a small picket house. During court the prisoners were usually kept on this block also. When a considerable number were being held, a long chain would be put out in a fashion similar to a pcket line for horses. Heavy shackles would be locked to the prisoners legs, after the chain would be placed between them, and held by the same chain. At one term of District Court, eighteen prisoners were held this way. The late John C. Townes, Dean of the Texas University Law School, was one of the first judges to hold court in the county after it had been organized.

Killiings and other law violations were numerous then. On one occasion, Mr. Coyle said, he had come into town for the company mail, and had stopped by the Double O Saloon. As he entered he heard two men quarreling. They were both drunk and each threatening to kill the other. He asked them both take a drink and told them to quit quar-

relling and go home, and thought that they would forget their trivial difficulty, but shortly after he left they again engaged in a quarrel that a few minutes later led to the killing of both men. The one who fired the first shot hit the other in the heart, but the wounded man was able to draw his gun and before the first man could get away, shot him through the head.

Mr. Coyle remembers well the first election held here. Most of the interest centered around the election of a sheriff. The opposing sides, one styled "cowboys," representing the lawless element, and the other the "white man's side," were very bitter against each other, and the election was contested. For the first few years a number of sheriffs were in office, each for only a short time.

While he has been here a number of times since moving back to Missouri in 1879, Mr. Coyle says the past few years have seen wonderful changes take place here and he predicts even greater ones in the near future, as the natural resources have hardly been started on the development that must follow.

He and Uncle Billie McKee were boys together and have continued the closest personal friends throughout the many years that they have been separated.

Woman Kills a Texas Sheriff.

The death of Mrs. Ida Lee Daughtery at Hull, Texas, on March 21, 1924, recalls a tragedy which attracted national attention a few years ago and emphasizes the fact that in these modern times we still have desperadoes to contend with, though possibly of a different type from the other characters that infested Texas in the old days.

This is the woman who, as Ida Hadley, shot and killed Sheriff Jack Giles, of Beaumont in Oklahoma a few years ago, while the officer was bringing her husband back to Texas to answer a grand jury indictment.

Although only 28 years of age, she had seen much of life, and more of the emotional side than most any woman of recent years. The last eight years of her existence reads more like the middle ages, when a woman walked into battle in behalf of the man she loved and even thrust herself between him and danger, than like an epoch in real life of today. Ida Hadley did all this and more. She appeared always with a determination to give up life rather than to be separated from the man she loved.

She was a clerk in a cigar store when she met Hadley, an automobile salesman. When his private affairs became entangled she fled with him to distant parts. When Sheriff Giles had started from Kansas City to Beaumont with her husband, she pleaded to be allowed to accompany them.

While the train was speeding between Muskogee and Checotah, Okla., she sent a bullet into the body of the sheriff, pulled the bell cord, and the two made their escape. They later were arrested at a farm house, where they had told the farmer that they were a runaway couple fleeing from the woman's parents.

Both were tried for the murder of Giles. Hadley got a life term, while she was acquitted of the murder charge on the plea of emotional insanity.

In the meantime she had organized a jail break which came near proving successful. For her part in this affair she was given ten years in the penitentiary. She pleaded for a prison term that she might be near her husband.

While in the penitentiary Hadley was granted a parole of 60 days to give him an opportunity to interest capital in an invention he had been working on. He failed to return and a nation wide search was instituted. Apparently he had been swallowed up by the world and hope of ever locating him again was practically abandoned. This was in 1919.

In November, 1921, Mrs. Anna C. Johnson and her husband, an aged couple, were driving their automobile near Tucson, Ariz. They offered a man on foot a ride, which he accepted. Mrs Johnson was found dead and her husband shot several times, the motive being given as robbery.

William S. Estaver was arrested and charged with the crime. He pleaded not guilty and a jury failed to agree, resulting in a mistrial. Then an identification expert interested himself in the case and the telltale fingerprint told that the defendant was Paul Hadley, fugitive from justice.

The next trial resulted in a convic-

tion, with the death penalty assessed.

In answer to her appeals, Governor Robertson of Oklahoma pardoned Mrs. Hadley on July 22, 1922, in order that she might bid her husband farewell before his checkered career was brought to an end. Her iron will that knew no obstacle when harm threatened him, secured a stay of execution until higher court could review the testimony. The verdict of the lower court was affirmed and on April 23, 1922, he was hanged.

It was reported at the time that Ida Hadley resented what she thought desertion when Hadley took advantage of his parole and walked away. She had heard nothing from him until his identification by fingerprints. What her true feeling was died with her.

A week after the execution she married Jack Daughtery at Wichita Falls.

An Ancestor of Trinity University.

Interscholastic Leaguer

Seven miles north of Jacksonville and three miles west of Mt. Silman, in Cherokee County is located the site of the once flourishing village of Larissa. The spot is in the heart of the territory once occupied by the Cherokee Indians and is a place of historic interest. It was here that the famous Killough massacre occurred in the summer of 1839, about six weeks before the celebrated battle with the Cherokees, in which thir chief Bowles was killed and their army hopelessly shattered by the Texans under Douglas, Johnston, and Burleson. The victims of the massacre were afterwards buried by their friends, and their graves, all in a row and mounted by plain hewn stone slabs, may be seen in the old Larissa "burying ground" today.

But Larissa is to be remembered not for this incident alone; for there is another reason for the fame of the little city spreading throughout the state in the days before the war. It was the seat of Larissa College, which flourished from about 1850 until 1860.

The details connected with the beginnings of Larisa are meager, but the information is sufficient to give an idea of the work. It seems that a teacher and preacher of the early fifties was the originator of the idea of building the college. This gentleman's name was T. N. McKee. So much faith had Mr. McKee in the enterprise that he himself contributed one thousand dollars as the nucleus of a building fund. Soon Nathanial Killough contributed a like sum, and other public spirited citizens continued to swell the fund. By 1854 a three-story frame building had been erected, and besides this two large dormitories—one for girls and the other for boys.

No sooner had the college been gotten under way than it was proposed that it be taken under the care of the Brazos synod of the Presbyterian church. The proposition was laid before the synod during the session at Fairfield in 1855, and it was acted on favorably. The minutes of the synod showed that at that time the college had a "permanent fund" of seven thousand dollars and a building fund of nineteen thousand dollars, besides "an excellent building already complete."

The charter for the institution is dated February 2, 1856. It provided for a board of fifteen members, a majority of whom should be members of the Presbyterian church. It also provided that the president of the college should be ex-officio president of the board of trustees, and that the value of the property owned and controlled by the institution should never exceed two hundred thousand dollars.

The faculty for the year 1856-1557 consisted of five teachers, all of whom were college-trained men and women. Their names and positions were as follows:

Rev. F. L. Yoakum, A. M., president, Rev. J. B. Renfro, A. M, senor professor, Rev. John Bell, A, M,, assistant, Peter Burke, A. M., principal of the female department, Mrs. M. A. Cosgrove, vice president of the female department.

The enrollment for the year was 190 in both the college and the preparatory departments. Of these, forty-seven—thirteen males and thirty-four females—were in the college department. The remaining 143 were in the preparatory deparatory department. Of these 101 were males and 42 were females. There were three seniors this year, one young man and two young women.

After the session of 1856- 1857 there were two years of deeline. During this period, the female department was suspended altogether, and the enrolment in the male department dropped to fifty-seven. Of these, fifteen were in the college, and forty-two were in the preparatory department.

The two years of darkness passed away, however; and with the opening of the session of 1859-1860, fortune once more smiled on the little college. The female department was revived, patronage was increased, and renewed interest was in every way manifested.

The total enrolment for the year in all departments was 125. Of these, thirty-seven—thirteen males and thirty-four females—were in the college, the remaining eighty-eight being enrolled in the preparatory department. At the commencement at the close of the session four degress were conferred, the recipients being H. D. McDonald, Lewisville, Texas; W. A. Pearson, Rusk, Texas; Miss Coronne .A Erwin, Laraissa Texas; and Miss Aurelia B. Hodges Science Hill, Texas. A copy of W. A. Pearson's diploma is before the writer. The original is genuine parchment and is written in Latin that would do credit to Cicero.

With the passing of the session of 1859-1860, the glory of Larissa faded away. Already the rumblings of war were audible, and before the next session was well under way the gathering clouds on the horizon foretold the impending storm. The older boys of the college transferred their names from the student roll of Larissa to the muster roll of the army and marched away to the hills of the Tennessee. The young ladies and the smaller boys were left behind, of course; but with her ranks depleted the old institution was but the shadow of her former self. She held together during the four years covered by the war; and when the war drums throbbed no longer, strenuous effort was made to raise her to her former position. But it was all in vain. In 1866 she was united with another Presybterian college at Daingerfield, and out of this union was born Trinity University at Tehuacaa.

The president of the college throughout the entire period of its existence was Dr. F. L. Yoakum, whose son, B. F. Yoakum, is known among railroad men throughout the nation. Dr. Yoakum was probably the most eminent scienist in Texas in his day, and the department of science was the strongest department in Larissa College. He spent much time in search of geological and botanical specimens in the state at that time. Aside from his collection of these materials, Dr. Yoakum delighted in giving public lectures on astronomy. The three-story college building had a flat roof, and on it was mounted an eight-foot telescope, which he had made by Henry Fritz of New York at a cost of seven hundred fifty dollars. It was Dr. Yoakum's delight to "gather the rustics round" this telescope and unfold to them the mysteries of the heavens. This telescope was probably the first one ever mounted in Texas.

After severing his relations with Larissa, Dr. Yoakum went into the nursery business at Larissa, and for some years his nursery was the best in Texas. After the International & Great Northern Railroad came through that part of the state Dr. Yoakum took charge of their Immigrant Home in Palestine. He had samples of all the soils, rocks, plnts and agricultural productions of the state.

The Trail Drivers of Texas

"The Trail Drivers of Texas," in two volumes, compiled and edited by J. Marvin Hunter, and published by Geo. W. Saunders, president of the Old Time Trail Drivers' Association, now ready for delivery. Price $3.00 per volume or $5.00 for the two volumes, postpaid. Send your order to Geo. W. Saunders, Union Stock Yards, San Antonio, Texas.

Heel Fly Time in Texas

If you failed to get the opening installment of our interesting serial "Heel Fly Time in Texas," place your order for the complete story in pamphlet form. Ready for delivery June 15. Price fifty cents. Address Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

WANTED—Photographs or copies of photographs of these famous gun-fighters of Texas :Ben Thompson, Bill Thompson, Wes Hardin, Bill Longley, King Fisher, Clay Allison, John Sellman, Geogre Scarborough; also of these train robbers: Bill Taylor, Jeff Taylor, Bud Newman, John Keeton, Pierce Keeton.—E. P. Lamborn, Rt. 2, Leavenworth, Kansas.

FRONTIER TIMES

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BY J. MARVIN HUNTER

SUBSCRIPTION $1.50 PER YEAR

Uncle Billie Atkinson of Gonzales, writes: "Frontier Times comes to me like a fresh breath from the blue bonnet fields of my youth and the almost forgotten trails made by the footsteps of honest old pioneer men and their matchless consorts, now almost forgotten in the mad scramble for money and for fun as it is called. Please enter my name on your subscription list and send me 'Six Years With the Texas Rangers,' many of whom I knew."

Major W. M. Green, of Meridian, writes as follows: "I see in the recent number of Frontier Times a quotation from the San Antonio Light of August 9, 1914, stating that the Frontier Battalion under John B. Jones was organized in 1875, and to 'keep the record straight' I wnt to say as a charter member of Co. A, Frontier Battalion, we were all enlisted on May 26th, 1874, and not in 1875."

J. W. Farris, Madisonville, Texas, writes: "I went up the trail in 1881, just forty-three years ago, and I am now sixty-three, so you see I am one of the youngest of the trail drivers. I went to Ogallala, Nebraska, where Sam Bass robbed the U. P. train. We carried 2,500 cattle for Jim Ellison of San Marcos, and Tom Baylor of Seguin was our captain. I frequently have men thirty-five or forty years old to ask me about trail driving and what we done, and I always tell them we had plenty to do all day and sat up all night to guard the herd. I think the proposed monument to the trail drivers of Texas should be erected and every one of us should help George W. Saunders in his laudable undertaking."

Capt. James Hatch of San Antonio, sends us an interesting sketch of John Wesley Hardin, which we will publish in our June number. He has promised to give us a sketch of the life of Ben Thompson also for a future issue.

We cannot supply back numbers of Frontier Times. Subscriptions must begin with the current number.

The Art Not Lost.

Judge John S. Durst of Junction, Texas, who is now in his 83rd year, writes Frontier Times as follows:

"I notice in your periodical recently a brief statement on flint arrowheads, wherein you say the art of making them was lost before the Apaches or Comanches migrated to this state. This is a mistake. When I was a little boy my father, who for a number of years acted as Indian Agent for the government, taught me how to make them, and it was an easy matter. When I can find the right kind of very hard flint that is in occasional spots on these mountain ranges, I will make some and send them to you. It is done by the use of pincers with long handles, with which you hold the little flint rock close to a very hot fire or heated substance, which, when very hot, begins to scale off in small quantities, and you continue to turn it until you shape it as you wish. It is a very simple process, but it seems not to be generally known."

Get It in Phamphlet Form.

In the April number of Frontier Times we began the publication of that interesting story, "Heel Fly Time in Texas," and thought we were printing enough extra copies of thata issue to supply those who became subscribers during the next two or three months and would want their subscribtion to start with the April number, but our supply of extra copies has already been exhausted, and all subscriptions to Frontier Times must begin with the current number. Those who have failed to get the opening installment of "Heel Fly Time in Texas," will shortly be able to get the complete story in phamphlet form for fifty cents. It will be printed in this office as soon as it has run its course in Frontier Times.

A correspondent asks if he can get Frontier Times bound in book form when Volume I is complete. The only way to obtain this magazine in bound form is to keep all the copies of it, and at the end of the first twelve months have them bound. We will have no bound copies for sale. We do expect to bind them for a small fee for those who have preserved their copis for that purpose, the binding to be done after the first of September when Volume I is complete.

HEEL-FLY TIME IN TEXAS.

(Continued from Last Month)

When once across the swag, horse and rider covered with mud, I turned to see how my pursuers were progressing. They had reached the gap I had made in the fence and one of the rascals had dismounted to throw off a rail or two. When I saw this, I felt greatly relieved. My horse had leaped through that gap with all the ease and when I saw that, in order to get their nags over, they had to throw off more rails, I knew that such an outfit could never catch me. In truth, I became amused at the thought and like little wanton boys in the sport of playing "base," I was ready to give them a dare."

In order to escape any stray bullets which might accidently hit me, I galloped off a short distance in the direction of the west string of the field fence which bordered on the open plain below and southwest of town. Here I halted, turned and faced the gallinipper quartette to see if they hadn't any more sense than to ride out in that mud hole. When they saw this movement they halted near the edge of that bog and with a profusion of great oaths ordered me to recross and surrender, else they would come over and get me, and in less than no time I would be in h—l. I turned my horse as if to light out, seeing which, the four bravos dashed like ducks into that bog. I stood to see the fun, and to witness the struggles of those poor boys and their beasts would have been pitiful under other circumstances, yet, I was so amused and elated over their discomfiture that I shouted with merriment. It was a sight long to be remembered. Three of the poor nags became hopelessly bogged and the antics of those three defenders of their country, while floundering around in that slime and mud, was a sight to make a sphinx roar with laughter. The ludicrous phase of the situation caused me to forget all caution, which came near proving my ruin. Only one horse and rider made it across to solid ground and seeing their sad plight I was seized with foolish impulse to capture the whole squad. With drawn pistol and a whoop I bore down on the young chap who had reached dry ground and ordered him to surrender, and in so doing I employed about as plain English as he had ever been accustomed to hearing while chasing Union men out of the country or guarding them in prisons. The poor fellow seemed frightened half to death, and throwing up his muddy hands, exclaimed: "For the Lawd's sake, Mister, don't shoot! You wouldn't shoot an unarmed man, would ye?" "You lie," shouted I. "Where's that pistol you were firing at me awhile ago? Throw it down or I'll blow out your infernal lights!" "Mister, I swear I haint got no pistol. I drapped hit in that mud hole. I haint a thing to shoot with," said he. "I have a notion to kill all you scoundrels; you have tried to kill me," said I, addressing the fou. One of them, all of whom were crawling back to dry land opposite, said: "We warn't tryin' to kill ye, Mister, we wuz just a shootin' to see ye run!" I could have killed each of the four, but had no desire to injure them. In truth I pitied, rather than censured, those poor misguided boys.

All this occurred in much less time than is required to relate it, and during that brief time a graver danger confronted me. While bandying with those slime-besmeared boys at the slough, I chanced to look in the direction of town and saw a body of horsemen coming down the west string of the field on the outside, and under whip as if to cut me off and catch me, and one of these was mounted on a large white horse, evidently the one I had noticed before crossing the public square. I wheeled my horse and sped for the fence—the west string—and without dismounting, threw off a few rails and my horse cleared it with apparent ease. When these approaching horsemen saw me make a break from the slough, they raised a yell, increased their speed, and began to shoot. I did not take time to count them, but I would have guessed there were at least fifteen and probably twenty. They did not all open fire until I had passed over the fence, by which time they were near enough to make their bullets whiz unpleasantly close.

Before me lay the open plain to the foot of the ridge southwest of town and where the Halletsville road left the plain was bare of timber growth, the prairie extending to the crest of this ridge where a dense undergrowth set in, and

extended westward several miles. The race for life and liberty was now on, and the brush over the ridge was the goal. I had a fairly good start. I knew the metal and endurance of my horse and with the possible exception of the large, white horse, who was now leading the rest, I felt confident that I could outstrip them and escape. I did not believe they would shoot to disable my horse. They wanted him more than they cared for the rider. Looking back, when half way across the plain, I saw the white horse still in the lead and gaining on me, while three others were close at his heels. At the same time I saw several horsemen pouring out of town and I wondered if every Heel-fly in the country had joined in the chase. It was proving a test of speed between the white horse and the animal I rode, and before two-thirds of the distance(about a mile, had been covered, I found that the space was lengthening between pursuer and pursued. When I reached the crest of the hill where the chaparral set in, I turned to face the enemy. The man on the white horse and three others had reached the incline and had started up the ascent. A hasty glance showed a straggling string of horsemen—all enlisted in the chase. I waved my hat, gave a cheer and offered those nearest me a very profane remark in good- clear plain English, turned the crest of the ridge and took to the brush, safe, sound and free.

As before stated, the timber extended from the crown of this ridge, which ran parallel with the river valley several miles. This forest was a thick growth of Black Jack and other species of timber peculiar to South Texas, and after having ridden a few miles at a gait as fast as the undergrowth would permit, I slackened my rein and allowed my horse to recover to some extent from the effects of the chase. I felt that I was safe, for the reason that nothing but a bloodhound could follow my trail in that wilderness. I bore off in a southwesterly course and about ten miles out from Columbus I struck the old Atascosito trail, which I followed the remainder of the day. During the preceding twenty-four hours a high wind had been blowing out of the east, and about 1 o'clock that evening rain set in and continued in a steady downpour until midnight. This rain, driven by a cold east wind, chilled me through and caused intense suffering. Late in the evening, as I approached the Navidad river, I saw through the sheets of falling rain a cabin in the distance and decided to seek shelter there for the night. It seemed to be a lonely habitation, with no other settlements near, and was directly on the bank overlooking the Navidad, which was considerably swollen and still rising from the day's flood of rain. The storm was too fierce for me to think of lying out under a tree all night, and I would risk the sheltering roof of that lonely cabin. A lady came to the door when I rode up and in a quick, hearty response to my request for a night's shelter said: "Why yes, get down and come right in out of the rain. We have not much room and our fare is very humble, but you are welcome." I dismounted and her little son, a manly lad, took my horse saying: "You are wet and cold; go in to the fire. I will take care of your horse." As I stepped on the little cabin porch the lady met me at the door as if to reassure me, said: "I live alone here with my three little children, and we are very poor, but I want you to feel as welcome as if you were under your father's roof." Cheering words! Words that every stranger and wayfarer heard on entering the cabin homes during the earlier days in Texas! A glowing fire burned in the little cabin fire-place and while seated before it and answering questions, I began to survey the suroundings. There was no fence about the premises, and through a small window near where I sat I saw the boy lead my horse into a little clap-board barn shed about thirty steps north of of the cabin, and remove my saddle, which he hung on a peg. I saw him take my pistol from the morral, examine it with boyish curiosity and sight it at some object, replace it carefully, and start to the house. The lady commented on my costume and asked where I lived. I told her my home was formerly in Hopkins county but I was now living in Mexico. She asked me why I was not in the army and I told her I was a Unionist and had gone to Mexico to avoid the conscript law, and that urgent business had taken me to Columbus and that the Heel Flies had chased me out and I was now on my way back to Mexico. "My husband is in Mexico," said she, "if yet living. He is a Union man and had to flee for his life. We have not heard from him in a great while."

Scarecly had she said this when one of her little girls said: "Look mother, yonder comes some men!" We rushed to the door and saw three horsemen coming at a run, from the same direction I had come, and one of them rode a big white horse! They were those infernal heel-flies, and I felt myself treed again! "Madam," I said," "those are Heel Flies. I escaped from them this morning; I would rather die than be taken Can you help me out of this?" "This way, quick! Can you swim?" she asked. "Swim? Yes I can swim the Atlantic." "Here get out through the back way. Swim the river, it's not wide. Get into the bush on the other side and you'll be safe. Quick!" I made a break for the back door, passed out, and hit the water with a splash that might have been heard above t heroar of elements. Te current was not very swift and I soon reached the opposite bank and with some difficulty scrambled up through the mud and I thought of the poor fellows I had led into the bog that morning. I found myself in a forest of wild peach trees. an evergreen indigenous to that region, with a dense growth of underbrush. It was now night and the darkness was soon impenetrable. I found a perch on a log and gave myself over to meditation. I was a blankety blank fool for having engaged in such an enterprise. I coveted gold and the prospect of getting it was gone glimmering. I was lured on by the spirit of adventure. I had about all I wanted in that line, and I swore that if I got out of that scrape with an unbroken hide, I would never be caught again in the Heel Fly range. What a fool I was to put up at that house! Far better to have camped under a tree, stood in the rain all night and held my horse by the bridle. But I must stop at a house to be chased out like a coyote by the infernal Heel-flies, and now they had my horse, my saddle and my pistol! Oh fool for leaving that pistol in the morral! They were at that moment quartered at the house not 100 miles away and were watching for my return to that barn shed. At dawn they would be abroad beating the brush and searching every nook in that narrow river bottom. They would scour the country round, and my capture was inevitable! Even if I should escape they would have my horse, saddle and pistol These I could afford to lose, but there was my quirt. It would fall—had already fallen—into their hands, and should curiosity lead them to remove the leather covering from the tube (handle) they would find Mrs. Cox's letter to her husband, and she would be ruined! Already she was under the ban of suspicion; her husband had been run out of the country for being a Union man loyal to his flag, and now a refugee in Mexico. The revelations of this letter would lead to the confiscation of all her property and she, with her children, would be turned adrift, homeless. The surroundings made me desperate. If I only had my gun I would recross and shoot it out with those Heel-flies, and recover my horse at all hazards. Here I was, sitting on a log in the rain, cold, wet and hungry, while some of the scoundrels were occupying a warm bed where, but for them I might have been sleeping in peace. To add to the gloom a bevy of owls set up a wild, wierd chorus in the trees overhead. It must have been near the midnight hour, when ghosts are said to go abroad and satyrs dance along the glebe. The rain ceased and a cold wind came down out of the north, an but for the moan of this norther among the trees, the chorus of the owls and the low "voice of many waters" as they swept along in the now swollen torrent, the stillness would have been unbroken.

I resolved to make one more effort. I was yet free, and to remain free I must recover my horse. I put into the river, which was now bank full. I had become so chilled and benumbed that the water seemed warm and gave me relief. When I reached the opposite bank I removed my shoes and, with cat-like tread, slowly approached the barn shed. I had secured a piece of driftwood to be used as a club, and expected to encounter a Heel-fly at any moment. As I entered the shed my horse gave a low whinney of recognition!

Groping my way in darkness I found my sadlle where I had seen the boy place it, my pistol was in the morral undisturbed, and my quirt was where I had left it, at the horn of my saddle! What could all this mean? Could it be possible that those rascals were in the house asleep waiting for daylight to catch me? My first impulse was to saddle my horse, lead him some distance up the river, tie him in a thicket, then go back and look for the enemy's horses and if found to get off with them, but I gave up this idea and decided to first locate their

stock. I searched carefully about the premises and found no horses, and there were no saddles on the little porch nor about the barnshed. Going to the south end of the house, I discovered a ray of light beaming through a small crack in the wall of the shed room. Stealthily drawing near, I peeped through the aperture and saw the lady seated by the dining table, mending a garment by the dim light of a grease lamp. The fire burned low in the rude chimney place and the stillness was broken only by the wind which blew out of the north. By this light I located the doorway of the shed-room and at this door I rapped lightly Without a word, the lady bounded to the door, threw it open and said: "Come right in! Aren't you nearly frozen? Where in the name o' sense have you been? I have been nearly frantic. I feared you had drowned while trying to swim that swollen stream." I felt annoyed at her loud voice; if the heel flies chanced to be asleep in the adjoining room her chatter would wake them and I might have to take to high water again, and, shivering with cold, I cut her off by stammering out: "Wh—whe—where's the He—Heel —heel flies?" At this she dropped the poker with which she was stirring the smouldering embers, straightened up and almost screamed with laughter. "Heel flies!" she fairly shouted. Then another paroxysm of laughter. Recovering, she repeated with emphasis and merriment in her voice: "Heel-flies? Why there hasn't been a heel fly on this place for more than a week and I dare say there is none nearer than Columbus. You don't hear of heel flies stirring out in such weather as this. Oh, you poor silly boy!" and this was followed by another outburst of laughter. But I was relieved and I did not care how much she laughed at me. I felt real sheepish at having been so easily scared off in that storm and I was anxious for an explanation.

With intervals of merriment over my plight, the lady added more fuel to the little fire and soon a roaring fire was blazing on the hearth. Changing her tone to a more serious one, she said: "Now sit over here and get warm. I am sorry I have no dry clothes to give you; sit here, and while your clothes are drying by the fire I will prepare you something to eat. Poor boy! I know you are hungry!"

Forty-eight years have spend by since that memorable night and never at feast or carnival have I enjoyed a better meal than that served by the noble good woman on that stormy night in the then wilds of the Navidad. Dried beef and coarse corn pone was the menu. It was all she had to serve and it came with a Texas mother's blessing, and appetite gave relish to the humble fare. While partaking of this repast, the lady, whose name was Mrs. Davis, gave an account of the causes that led to my scare and stampede. She stated:

"Those men you saw were not Heel Flies. In fact they, too, were running from the Home Guards. One of them is my brother and lives three miles below here on the river. My brother and one of those who came with him yesterday evening were conscripted about a year ago and detailed to drive teams in Johnson & Rhine's cotton trains. They made one trip with one of these ox trains to Brownsville and came near going over into Mexico, but finally decided to stay awhile longer with the train. This train wintered at Sweet Home over in Lavaca and about a month ago these two boys, with others, received orders to report for duty at headquarters in Houston. This they knew meant hard service in the army and they resolved to go to Mexico. They left the cotton train at Sweet Home and instead of going to Houston they came home, and before they could get ready to leave for Mexico they were reported as deserters and were given a world of trouble by the heel flies and were finally captured about a week ago and taken to the guard house in Columbus. They were to be taken to Harrisburg tomorrow—I mean today, as it is now past midnight and the beginning of another day—but this morning—I mean yesterday morning—the men held in the guard house made a break and all got away, and the three men you saw tonight were among the number that had escaped and were making for home and the brush on the Navidad. My brother. Wiley Clampit is his name, came by with others to let me know about his escape and some other private matters, and while here they told me about the stampede of the prisoners. They didn't tarry long enough to give all the particulars, but I gathered this much: It seems that the heel flies had arrested a deserter from Benevides' regiment at Rancho Davis on the Rio Grande. He

had been dodging around town and was being harbored by Mexicans camped at Columbus and was badly wanted. At last he was arrested by a bunch of heel flies and brought to town, where he made a break to get away. Every heel fly in the place except two, who were on duty at the guard house, mounted and took after the deserter, and when last seen they were closing in on the poor fellow and they doubtless caught him. One of the prisoners, seeing that about all the heel flies had joined in the chase, said 'Boys, now's our time!' and made a break. They overpowered the guard siezed all of the arms and ammunition to be had and rushing to the corral they found only eight or ten horses, and some with and others without saddles, mounted these horses and got into the Colorado bottom above town. My brother and Mr. Gollihar and Jake Hamersley, the three that gave you such a scare last night, secured mounths and struck for the Navidad, and—" "Which one rode the big gray horse?" said I. "That was Charley Gollihar."

In reply to my inquiry as to what these men were going to do she said they would have to leave and try to make their way into Mexico. She said her husband was somewheee in Mexico, he having been forced to leave or take up arms against the old flag, and that since the night he left, over two years before, she had not heard a word from him. She was almost wholly dependent on her father, who was old and poor and unable to render much assistance. I told her of my going to Mexico in order to keep out of the army, my mission to Columbus, and that I was the supposed deserter the heel-flies chased out of Columbus, and that I was on my way back to Matamoras and if her brother and friends wanted to join me I knew the road and could take them through; that with a half a dozen determined men I could clear the road of any gang of heel flies we might encounter. "Make them run off and leave their arms and horses, swim rivers, hide in the brush and keep company with the owls!" said she, with a laugh that betokened incredulity as well as merriment, and I was abashed by the force of the remark.

It must have been 3 o'clock in the morning when I tumbled down on the rude pallet that good mother spread for me on the floor of the little shed room. The rain had ceased, the clouds broke away, the north wind roared without and I slept until awakened by the little boy just as the sun began to shine down on the plains of the Navidad. "You have no time to lose," said my good hostess. "The heel flies will swarm along the Navidad today in search of my brother and the other two men, and you had better make tracks." I told her I aimed to reach the McDonald settlement over on the Lavaca and remain there a few days, and if she would direct me to where her brother lived I would ride by and see him. She said her brother and the boys with him were well acquainted on the Lavaca and that doubtless they were at that moment on their way to "Somers League," a noted hiding place on the Lavaca river. They knew the Hogans, McDonalds, Tates, Heaths and Pontons, and that her brother was courting Miss Sue Chandler, who lived near Dr .Ponton's, and if I would be on the lookout I could probably see him before he started to Mexico.

Breakfast, the same humble fare—corn pone and dried beef—over, I prepared to take my leave of this interesting family. Before the war this noble woman, accompanied by her husband and parents, left Ohio and came to Texas and had begun to establish a pretty home in the wilderness when the war came on and the husband had to either take up arms and join in the slaughter of his countrymen, or seek asylum in a foreign land. He chose the latter and here, by the way of parenthesis, I wish to say that up to January, 1872, no word had ever been heard from him by his family. Not only gratitude, but deep compassion, for this poor brave woman and her little children, two bright little girls and the boy, Davy Crockett. These children told me they had no shoes during the past two winters, and their clothes, although tidy and clean, showed age and long usage. "If you see my papa in Mexico, tell him we pray for him every night and all the time. Mamma says God will bring him back to us when the war is over," was the message given me by the youngest of the two little girls. The mother gave a long message full of love, hope and Christian faith and trust to be delivered to the husband in the event I should meet him. Oh the short, simple and of times pathetic annals of the poor! I bade them goodbye and left them better than I found them. It was all expense

money, as I had none that I could call my own; at any rate it would have been all the same, and the joy of giving to that distressed mother and her little helpless children has lasted through all these long years.

It was a bright spring morning, the wind subsided, the sun shown bright and clear and the air was vibrant with bird song. I swam the Navidad and shaped my course for Mayo's Mill on the Lavaca. The flat prairies in most places were covered with water from the late rains, and my progress was necessarily slow. About 11 o'clock I came to a mott of timber where I found a spot comparatively dry and here I dismounted and allowed my horse to rest and graze a couple of hours. While he grazed near the edge of the copse, I lay down on the damp ground and slept an hour, when a shrill voice awakened me. For a moment I was completely addled, but when I recovered my senses and took in the situation, my surprise was beyond expression. My visitor was a woman! Superbly mounted, wearing a black dress and sunbonnet sitting as erect as a cavalry officer, with a sixshooter hanging at her belt, complexion once fair but now swarthy from exposure to the sun and weather, with steel-blue eyes that seemed to penetrate the innermost recesses of the soul—this, in brief, is a hasty outline of my visitor —Sally Scull!

Anyone who lived for any length of time in South Texas before the war, knew this remarkable woman, and there are those all over West Texas who yet remember Old Sally Skull, who was perhaps the only female desperado, during her career, that operated between the Sabine and the Rio Grande. Sally was once a Miss Newman, so I have been told, and was of good parentage. By marriage she was related to Creed Taylor and the Tumlinson's and for a number of years moved in the best society, but she fell and the remainder of her life was spent in camp or on the road.

Sally Skull spoke Spanish with the fluency of a native and kept in her employ a number of desperate Mexicans whom she ruled with the iron grasp of a despot. With these she would make long journeys to the Rio Grande where, through questionable methods, secured large droves of horses. These were driven to Louisiana and sold. This occupation was followed until the breaking out of the Civil War, after which Old Sally fitted out a mule train of several wagons, with Mexican teamsters, and engaged in hauling cotton to the Rio Grande.

I met Sally at Rancho Las Animas, near Brownsville, the year before and subsequently had seen her several times in Matamoras, and strange to relate, she knew me when she aroused me from my sleep in that copse. She told me that her mule train was loaded with cotton for the Rio Grande, but owing to the bad weather she had lain in camp on the Lavaca near Zumwalt's for more than a week. Several of her mules had strayed off or were stolen and she was then on her way to look for her stock on the Navidad, and seeing a lone horse near a mott, she came by to investigate, and that acounted for her presence in that vast solitude. She told me that the heel-flies were numerous and active on the Lavaca and that unless I exercised the utmost caution they would sure catch me. With all her faults Sally was never known to betray a friend and I made no hesitancy in confiding to her all of my troubles and my situation. She told me of a spot known as Somer's Thicket on the Lavaca, in which a number of men had found refuge from the conscript officers, and that the heel-flies were organizing a raid on that thicket. She knew A. B. McDonald, Tom Hogan and the Tates, and told me they were good and true men and that I could rely on them. Bidding this remarkable woman goodbye, I mounted and hastened forward to the Lavaca, having received instructions from Old Sally as to the route leading to Mayo's Crossing.

Late in the evening I crossed the Lavaca by swimming just below Mayo's Mill. A short distance from the river I came into the road and fell in with a lone horseman and the "pill bags" he carried showed that he was a doctor, and such he proved to be. He told me his name was Bellah, and knew all the parties for whom I enquired and gave me direction to reach Mr. McDonald's. He asked me to what command I belonged and seemed surprised when I told him I was a citizen of Mexico, did not belong to any command and did not expect to enlist in any army. I had cast aside all disguise except my dress, and felt emboldered to face the situation now that I was in a region where I would find so many sympathizers and friends.

The doctor advised me to be on the lookout for heelflies, which he said were very numerous and troublesome, and if I remained long they would be after me. I told him I had heard that it would be difficult to catch a man if he once got into the Somers Thicket which, I supposed was somewhere in that section. He said that was even true and that we were riding over a part of the Somers' League and that along the river a mile below Somers' Thicket set in. It covered a large scope of country; it was densely timbered and was a vast wilderness of undrbrush, vines, tanglewood, with long moss pendant from the larger timber, with here and there an open glade, and that when a man sought concealment there it was almost impossible to get him out. As a hiding place for criminals and outlaws it was equal in every respect to the Jernagin Thicket in North Texas, and there were quite a number of men at that moment hiding from the heel flies in Somers' Thicket. Most of them lived in that section and they had to stay in the brush, go to Mexico, or submit to conscription. They preferred the brush, as is was a long road to Mexico, and powerful risky. And thus the doctor rattled away, conveying the information I most desired, until our paths diverged. He kindly insisted that I accompany him to his home which was near at hand, but this generous invitation I declined, and an hour later I was at Mr. McDonald's gate. As I approached, although it was growing dark, I noticed that Mr. McDonald's farm was in the midst of a heavy forest of postoak timber and the house and lots were near a small creek. When I hailed at the front gate an old man advanced and when I asked if Mr. McDonald lived there he said: "Yes sir, this is whar he stays when he is around. 'Light an come in. Here Jess, take this feller's cayuse to the lot an' feed 'im. Come right in, Mister. Leave yer morral and quirt on yer saddle: the boy'll take care of yer stuff." But I framed an excuse and held on to my quirt

And this was my introduction to Veteran A. B. M Donald and the beginning of a friendship that grew with the lapse of time and strengthened with the accumulation of years. From his own lips I subsequently learned that he was an old pioneer, having come to Texas with Dewitt's Colony, and for many years had lived on the border and had participated in many battles with Indians and outlaw Mexicans along the frontier. He owned a nice home on Clark's Creek, and all Texans of those days remembered his broad hospitality which was extended to all who chanced to pass that way. At the time of my first visit he had a son in Joe Johnston's army. He had another son, Henry McDonald, a boy of about 17, who was a member of the Lavaca Home Guards; also a boy, Jesse, a bright lad of about 14 years. Four beautiful girls added a charm to this South Texas home, the two eldest, Lucretia and Lizzie, being about grown. I mention these members of the family on account of the part they played later in the serio-comic drama that followed my arrival in Lavaca.

It was about dark when I reached Mr. McDonald's and before entering the house I took him aside and told him my story. I concealed nothing from him. I told him of my mission, my arrest, my escape, and the cause of my coming to him. He seemed to hesitate, but after a pause he assured me that he would do anything honorable to assist his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Cox, and that I was welcome to stay at his home as long as I wished. "But," said he, "times are mighty squally jut now; the woods are full of soldiers and heel-flies, but I guess you'll be safe here tonight if you don't talk too much. We'll talk that over before bedtime; come in, supper is waiting." With this he led the way into the house and presented me as Mr. Garcia, the name I had given him. The son, Henry, was in the family group, as was also a man who, by his gray jacket and pants, I recognized as a Confederate soldier. This man was introduced as Mr. Harper.

The family retired early and being crowded for bed-room I had to occupy a bed with the elder son, Henry, while Mr. Harper and Jesse slept in another bed in the same room. After retiring, my bed-fellow became quite communicative and his revelations were not conducive to that refreshing sleep that my weariness and fatigue demanded. He belonged to the Lavaca Home Guards and had been on duty night and day for a week. His company, 25 or 30 strong, was camped at the Harless school house, five or six miles distant, and being in need of a fresh horse he was permitted to come home to get a new mount and would rejoin his company the next day.

The Victoria Home Guards and other troops were daily expected and when they all arrived the united forces were going to round up the Somers' Thickets and kill or capture the den of desperadoes that were there in hiding. When I asked about Mr. Harper he said he was a member of a regiment stationed at Velasco on the Brazos and with others had been detailed to run down and capture Joe Tate, who had been court-martialed and sentenced to be shot, but had escaped, and that his home, a half mile distant, was being guarded by these soldiers with the expectation that he would try to steal in under cover of darkness, and that Mr. Harper, being off duty, had come over to spend the night with the family. And along these lines the young man talked and expatiated until overcome with weariness he finally fell asleep, but the night was far spent before I could follow suit. My reflections were anything but comforting. What on earth would come next? Like a blockhead I had deliberately walked into another deadfall. A whole company of heel flies, well mounted and encamped within four miles of me! Another company expected hourly from Victoria; and yet another company of regulars on the watch within a mile, and one of whom was then snoring not ten feet from where I lay But that wasn't all, I was in bed—actually in bed—with a heel fly, a young lad who had just related his hard services for his country trying to catch "deserters." He would return to his company the next day and as a matter of fact report my presence. What must I do? Some plan of action must be matured before morning. My first impulse was to quietly and softly steal out of the house, get my horse and go to the Somers' League and fall in with those "desperadoes" who were collected there. But of the refugees gathered there, I knew not one, and should I succeed in findig them possibly I might be looked upon as a spy and fare worse than if in the hands of the heel-flies. Finally I decided to face the situation boldy, trust my good fortune and take chances. The morrow would decide. The next morning my bed fellow became quite congenial and Mr. Harper was all smiles and good humor. He had belonged to Captain Liddell's company, Gould's regiment. His company was organized in Hopkins county, had become tired of the war, nearly all had deserted and were then leading the heel-flies a merry chase in the Sulphur Bottoms. Although tired of the soldiers life, he was too proud to desert and would stay in the army as long as his command stayed where there was no fighting to do, but if ordered east for desperate service he would hit the breeze for Mexico. Others had gone over there and were making five dollars a day, he had been told, and he could go where any other men could go. The Confederacy was busted anyway, and it was only a matter of time when evey man could go home. I noted down in memory every word Mr. Harper said and carefully sizing him up, I decided that he was a man I could trust and at the proper time I would apply the test. After breakfast Mr. McDonald called me away under the pretext of showing me a horse which he proposed to trade for mine. This gave him opportunity to talk to me privately and he again assurred me of my welcome to his home and his protection so far as it extended, adding that even if I was found under his shelter, the heel flies dare not molest him, he knew too much and they knew that he knew. He had opposed the war and if Texas had listened to Sam Houston, or if the people had obtained an honest count of the vote against secession she would have no part nor lot in this unnatural war, but like all the rest he was in for it, and had to make the best of it. He had advised his son to stay out of the army, but like other young men, he was driven by an insane impulse to be a soldier, and to go out and fight for his country, when he hadn't lost any country, and now he had a surfeit of military glory. His next son, like all boys of his age, was forced to enlist in the Home Guards or else go to Mexico. Being only a boy he could not consent to his going across the Rio Grande so long as he was allowed to remain with the Home Guards on duty near home. He despised the name "Home Guard;" they were a shame and a crying disgrace to the state and were dreaded by the people they were supposed to protect ten times more than the Yankees. Held back by parental admonitions and a natural disposition to deal honorably his son had never engaged in any of the excesses that had made the heel-flies a stench in the nostrils of all decent men, he, too abhorred them, and only the force of circumstances

held him to the service. I could rely upon his son, since not one of the McDonalds had ever been known to betray anyone who had broken bread at their table. He further stated that a number of his neighbors, men who had been in the army and had come home on furlough and had refused to return to their commands on account of the hardships of army life and the hopelessness of the Southern cause, had been listed as deserters and had been chased by the Home Guards into the Somers thickets on the Lavaca; that they were determined men, well armed,and would never surrender to any force sent against them. He seemed to be in touch with those men when he said they would try to make their way into Mexico at the the proper time. He advised me to stay close about the place, that he would instruct Henry as to what to say in the event he was questioned by any of his company, but for me to keep my eye on that fellow Harper. He was a regular and was not to be trusted too far. "Get all you can and keep all you get in the way of information and give as little as you can in return," was his closing admonition. The day seemed long, though in some respects pleasantly spent in the society of those worthy young ladies whom I learned to know as Lucretia and Lizzie. Mr. Harper left early and came back that evening with a comrade. It was plain that they came to see the girls and cared nothing for my presence. Henry McDonald went to his company in the afternoon. That night after supper and while the two Confederates were being entertained by the girls, Mr. McDonald related to me the troubles of Joe Tate and others in the settlement. Tate had enlisted in the Confederate army and while his regiment was stationed on the Brazos he was tried by court-martial and sentenced to be shot The night preceding the day set for the execution of the sentence, Joe was being guarded on the east bank of the river. The guards had fish for supper and shortly after having finished the meal it was discovered that there was no water in camp and all were thirsty after having eaten heartily of the fish Not being fitted with manacles, Joe volunteered to bring the water, which was but a few steps down the bank. No one objected and when he reached the margin of the river he plunged in and by diving and swimming he reached the opposite shore and escaped into the brush. Several volleys were fired toward him by his guards and a great outcry was raised, but Joe did not believe the shots were fired with any evil intent. He traveled several miles that night and concealed himself during the day. When he reached the Colorado several miles below Columbus he secured a mount from friends and, traveling at night, made his way into the settlement on Clark's Creek near his home, where he learned that the heel-flies had preceded him and were guarding the premises, expecting Joe to be so foolhardy as to walk into their trap. He was heavily armed by this time, and sent word by one of the Hogan boys notifying the officer in command of the company on duty that he was in the country and would remain, as he would never be taken alive. Crit Gollihar, Mr. McDonald said, was another "bad man" in the brush. He, too, had served in the army, and had been wounded at Shiloh and honorably discharged on account of disability. He had subsequently served in the Home Guards until ordered east and on his refusal to obey this order he was arrested and placed in the guard house at Hallettsville. With the aid of friends he escaped and was now with others in the Somers' Thicket. He mentioned others of his neighbors who had passed through similar experiences, most of whom were in the brush on the Somers League. He thought there were at least 20 or 30 men in that wilderness. They were well armed and mounted, thoroughly organized, and had a code of signals that were so well understood that the enemy could never surprise them. There were plenty of cattle in those extensive glades and thickets and there was no dearth of salt and bread as the latter was carried to them by friends. He repeated his regrets that his son belonged to such a disreputable body as the heel-flies, but the boy would never harm anyone, as he had often heard him say he would not shoot to hit a man who was trying to keep out of the Confederate army. He further stated that were he risks not so great he would be glad if Henry could go with me to Mexico and he believed a little persuasion on my part would induce the young man to go. I told him I could not think of such a proceedure; that I would not attempt to persuade anyone away unless it be

those who, like myself, were being hunted and chased from pillow to post. While thus talking—it must have been nine o'clock or later—six men rode up to the gate and hallooed. It was very dark and I moved to the rear in the direction of the horse lot, while Mr. McDonald went to the gate. He was asked if Mr. Harper was there and when told that he was, he was called out and two of the men took him aside and engaged for a few minutes in low conversation, after which the six men rode away and Mr. Harper came back and told Mr. McDonald that these men were a part of his command and were looking for Tate; that they had asked him if he had been there that evening. Shortly after this Mr. Harper and his comrade took their leave and when well away Lizzie said to me: "Those men were here for no good. They were on the lookout for Joe Tate and they had too many questions to ask about you. They were spies, and I would advise you to hit the Somers' Thicket before daylight." "Yes," said I, "but I know no one there and I might be taken for a heel-fly and shot." "I hear someone coming now; step out in the darkness," said the girl.

A horseman approached and it proved to be Henry McDonald. They had orders to leave at once and go to Columbus to take the place of the company which had been stationed there, but was now enroute to Hallettsville. A portion of that company had been cleaning up the Navidad country as far down as General Whitfield's place and had reached the Lavaca that evening with two prisoners and were camped at Zumwalt's. The Victoria Home Guards and a squad from Clinton would arrive tomorrow or the day following and when all these got together they were going to clean out the Somers Thickets and kill or capture every man found in that wilderness. He was glad his company was ordered away. He did not want to disobey orders, but he'd be the last man to fire on those men who were being hounded off the earth.

All this conversation took place while sitting on the front gallery and I paid closest attention to every word that was said. The old folks retired, Henry went in to the supper the girls spread for him and when seated at the table the young ladies both came out to where I was and Lucretia, the eldest said: "We have a plan for you. If you stay here the heel-flies will get you sure. You are as welcome as a brother, but we'd hate to see you caught by the heel-flies. The country is full of them, but with all their brag and bluster, they are not going very far into the Somers League thicket. You must get with those men in the thicket. Don't know any of them? We'll arrange that. We'll have you out of here by the time it is light. Jesse knows the paths; he's been there before. You go right by Doc Bellan's and we'll send Jesse along to get medicine of the doctor. When you get that far and find the way clear he can go with you down on the League. He'll find the boys and then you are safe."

"What of my Mexican and the mules in case they should come?"

"I've no faith in a Mexican; I hate the whole generation, and I don't think you'll ever see your Mexican or those mules. But if they come we will send you word as soon as possible."

"What will Henry say?"

"Don't worry about Henry. You can rest assured that he will not betray you under any circumstances. I had ten times rather see him go to that thicket than go away from home with that gang of heel-fles he is now mixed up with. They are a set of thieves and have been a curse here at home, and when taken to Columbus there's no telling what devilment they will do where they are not acquainted."

When I retired for the night my mind was ill at ease. Dangers were thickening around me and my reflections were such as would not induce sleep. The Columbus heel-flies—my old friends, the enemy—had rounded up the Navidad, caught two men, and were camped at Zumwalt's, only three miles distant. Could it be that those men were Gollihar and Clampit? The Victoria gang were coming up from the south and the Clinton contingent were approaching from the west, while the company from the Brazos, which had come for Joe Tate, was camped on the creek near by. The prospect was indeed gloomy, but where there is a will there is a way; I had the will and I believed the young lady had pointed out the way.

Before dawn Jesse McDonald and I were on the road leading to Dr. Bellah's which was about three milees distant. The boy was a bright lad and told me he

knew the Somers League quite well and that during the past few months he had carried messages, and even provisirons, to those thickets. As we rode on I discovered that he carried a cow bell in his morral, which was suspended to his saddle horn, and when asked what he was going to do with that bell he merely remarked, "Wait and see." We halted at Dr. Bellah's and the boy went in to get the medicine. When he came out the doctor accompanied him to the gate, and whle we were talking with him, four mounted men came riding out of a copse of timber near by. They were within pistol shot when discovered and advanced at a gollop. I knew I could outrun them, but decided to stay and take chances. When they drew up at the gate they began questioning the doctor in a way that showed at once that they were strangers and not acquainted with the lay of the country. To make bold, I asked: "To what company do you belong, gentlemen?" "Company K, Gould's regiment. Where do you belong?" came the quick response. "I belong to Richardson's company. We have been on duty at Corpus Christi and King's ranch, but we were ordered here to clean out the Somers Thicket, and as soon as the Victoria and Columbus boys arrive, we are going to have a general round-up."

"Where is your company?"

"My company has not yet arrived but will be here this evening. Having been raised near here and knowing the country quite well, the captain gave me and one of the boys in the company permission to come on ahead, and having nothing else to do, I thought I would do a little scouting on my own hook before the boys got in. Have you gentlemen scouted over near the League?"

"No," said the man who seemed to be the spokesman, "we haven't scouted very much. We guarded the crossing at Mayo's Mill last night expecting to capture Tate, whom we are anxious to catch. We suppose, however, he is with a lot of others in the Somers Thickets, and I guess we will all be with you boys in the big round-up." After some further conversation, from which I learned they were on their return to camp on Clark's creek, they rode away, greatly to my relief. They were not ignorrant of the approach of the men from Concrete, Clinton and Victoria, and my story sounded plausible enough. Mr. McDonald had told me that Dr. Bellah was all right and I did not hesitate to lie to those fellows in his presence. When this quartette of Company K disappeared, the boy and I headed for Somers Thickets.

It must be remembered that a league of land covers a considerable extent of territory, and this Somers League extended quite a distance along the Lavaca river. The densest thickets—more properly forests—were in the river bottom and consisted of various growths, the live oak predominating. From the trees the long moss hung in great festoons and in places the vegetation overhead was so dense that the sun scarcely penetrated to the earth.

When we entered the thickets proper, the boy halted, dismounted, and attached the bell he had brought along to his horse's neck, remounted, and we rode forward. In reply to my inquiry he said, "This is my signal." After winding around through glade and jungle for probably three-fourths of a mile, and while in the act of emerging from a thicket into an open space, a man on foot confronted us and sang out: "Hello, Jess, whar ye going? Who's this feller you've got with ye?" With this the lad introduced me to Mr. Colbath, who was soon informed that I was all right and mighty anxious to keep out of reach of the heel-flies. Mr. Colbath led the way to the lair, where we found ten or twelve men, and a harder looking set I never beheld. I had heard of Italian brigands, English highwaymen, robbers, pirates, and Mexican bandits, but never in fancy had I depicted such a ferocious looking group as that which gathered around me. They were in a rude camp and "shooting irons" were visible all around. They plied me with many questions and when I told them from whence I came and of my stampede from Columbus, one of their number broke in with: "Look here, ain't you the chap that stayed all night at Mrs. Davis' a few nights ago when you was a-running from the heel-flies to beat h—l?"

"I guess I'm the man."

"And didn't some fellers comin' 'cross the prairie on hosses in a run scare you out o' the house an' make you jump in the river?"

"Guess I'm the man."

The fellow then proceeded with extreme merriment to relate the circumstances, adding to and enlarging upon

every ludicrous feature of the event, which caused rounds of laughter. Then turning to me he said: "The lady you stayed with is my sister. I am Wiley Clampit, and I am one of the fellers that scared you so bad that you had to jump in the Navidad and sit out thar in the bottom with the owls until nearly day." To the crowd he said: "Boys, this fellow is all right. My sister told me all about him and if it hadn't been for him I would not be here."

Shortly after reaching my new friends, Jesse McDonald started on his return homeward, well posted as to how to proceed in case my Mexican and the mules showed up.

I soon found these men were continually on the alert. Their ears were open to hear every signal and their scouts and watchmen were on duty at all hours. Several came in during the forenoon and others went out to "look around." All had many questions to ask about Mexico and a majority expressed their determination to go across the Rio Grande if they could once get headed that way.

In the afternoon Crit and Charley Gollihar and several others came in. Charley Gollihar was one of those who had escaped from the guard house at Columbus and seemed very much pleased to see me. Crit Gollihar was a giant in size and evidently a man of great courage. He said to us as we gathered around to learn the news: "Well, boys, thunder's to pay. Oma (his wife) was up at old man Heath's this morning and Dick told her that the Victoria company and a company from over about Clinton was to be here today. The company from Columbus was at Dr. Ponton's this morning; they camped at Zumwalt's last night. Those fellows who came here after Joe Tate are going to stay until all these other companies come up, then they are going to come in here and clean out everything from a bat to a steer. That's what they say they are going to do; but doin' it! You fellers want to keep awake; there's no tellin' what's going to happen; we may have to fight like blazes, but they'll have to fetch along something better than heelflies if they ever clean up this crowd."

I was anxious to meet Joe Tate, and was told that he was on the lookout, but would probably show up that evening.

At nightfall the company dispersed in squads of six to ten. During the evening the place of bivouac had been selected for each group or squad. These bivouacs were on the outer edge of an area in circular form, and it was understood that in case of attack during the night all should rally to a common center. The distance between each of the bivouacs was not over 100 yards. Those who had been scouting during the day were allowed to rest and give their horses a chance to graze in one of the nearby open spaces. Besides two or three who were on picket duty quite a distance from "headquarters," each squad kept a man posted to watch over camp and arouse the sleepers in case he heard a signal of danger. Horses that had grazed during the day were brought up, saddled and secured. No fire was allowed, and in order to light his pipe the smoker had to use the flint and steel which every man carried in those days, as matches could not be procured.

The night passed without incident, and at an early hour the next morning one of the outer pickets reported that the Columbus company had encamped that night at the Mayo's Mill crossing, which was not over a mile and a half above us on the river. This news made me doubly uneasy. I was expecting Ciriaco and the Cox boy hourly. They had been directed to cross the Lavaca at Mayo's, and now in all likelihood they would fall into the hands of the enemy. To warn them of their danger was out of the question, and all I could do was to hope for the best.

After having breakfasted, Crit Gollihar called the men together and explained that scouting parties would likely scour the country adjacent during the day and he declared that he was going to do some scouting himself. He wanted five men, well mounted and well armed, to go with him. He chose his brother, Charlie, Mr. Hill, Mr. Clampit, Mr. Colbath, and another whose name I have forgotten. When these had been gone three or four hours, one of the outer pickets came rushing in with a boy by the name of Stamps, who had been sent post haste to notify Mr. Gollihar that a captain and three of his men had been at his house that morning, and after making a search of the premises and offering many indignities, had forced Mrs. Gollihar and her children to prepare breakfast for them. They had demanded fried chicken, and when she refused to kill her fowls for the hungry thieves,

they killed them, dressed them,and swore if she did not cook them as directed they would burn the house. Mrs. Gollihar had sent the boy, thinking he would find her husband in camp. The boy said the men had left but they would be back for dinner and she wanted protection. When we heard this every man made tracks for his horse and in an incredibly short time all were mounted and ready to respond to the lady's call for help. Every man present wanted to go, but it was decided best for some to remain and allow only five to go, as they would be more than a match for four cowardly heel-flies who would insult and rob a helpless woman and her little children.

We had not gone more than half a mile when we heard signal guns off to our right, and these were offered by the boys we had left behind. Thinking that these signals boded danger, and not knowing their full import, we retraced our steps as fast as the jungle would permit. When we reached camp the men were mounted and ready for any emergency. They, like the rest of us, didn't exactly understand the signal; it was not one of alarm, nor was it a signal for help. While discussing the matter we heard a whoop nearby, and Henry Dunn said: "I know that yell it's Crit Gollihar, and he's got good news of some sort. I know him too well." A minute later the cavalcade entered the small glade where we were assembled, and instead of six men there were ten, and four of these wore handcuffs and were securely tied to their saddles. Gollihar and his five men had ambushed them, gotten the drop on them and captured the scoundrels who hod forced Mrs. Gollihar that morning to prepare their breakfast Loud jeers and merriment followed thei arrival for a few minutes, and none joined more heartily than I when I saw that one of the captives was one of my former captors at Columbus, and another was no less a person than my friend, Captain Baker of the Columbus Home Guards!

The captured heel-flies were dismounted and placed under a strong guard After leaving camp that morning, Mr. Gollihar and his squad had gone out on the uplands west of us where the country was more open and where here and there was found a small prairie. While passing through a thicket and just before coming out in the open, they saw four horsemen approaching at a quick gait. They at once spotted them as heel flies, but thought at first they were of the Halletsville crowd. They quickly dismounted and secured their horses under concealment and when the four heel flies reached the edge of the thicket they suddenly found themselves covered with over half a doezn revolvers—some of the men carried two sixshooters—and a sharp order, "hands up!" And thus, the capture of the captian and his squad was effected.

When Gollihar was told of our start to his home and the causes leading thereto, he gave way to a paroxysm of uncontrollable rage. The Stamp boy had returned with us and having seen the freebooters at Mrs. Gollihar's that morning, readily identified these captives as being the culprits.

Gollihar was prevented from inflicting any personal injury on these unfortunate men, but soon mounted and rode away in the direction of his home, swearing that he was going to investigate and if they had harmed his family or had committed any serious outrage all h—l couldn't bar his vengeance.

When Mr. Gollihar had gone and the excitement had somewhat subsided our prisoners became more communicative. The captain, however, was neverous and when he asked what we were going to do with him and his three men, he was told to wait until Gollihar's return and then in all likelihood they would be hung to a live oak limb. After this he became sullen and had little to say, but one of his men—a red-faced young fellow—who had assisted in my capture at the mule train, seemed to take a philosophic view of matters and his remarks now and then created considerable merriment. He said to me: "Well, young feller, I had you and now you've got me. But I must say, you are the smartest scholar I ever saw. A week ago you couldn't speak a word of English; now you can talk it like a school marm."

The only attempt at levity the captain was known to make during the evening was while I was momentarily absent, someone asked as to my whereabouts, to which the captain dryly replied: "Gone to get his witnesses, I guess." Clampit overhearing the remark responded by saying; "Perhaps so, but he may be leading some more of your men into a bog."

The little captain begged that his handcuffs be removed. He pleaded that

he was an officer in the Confederate service, faithfully performing the duties assigned him, that he was in the discharge of duty when unlawfully arrested, that his captors were an unorganized body of men, whom the authorities could not regard in any other light than citizens in open rebellion against the government and that if those irons were not removed and he and his three men set at liberty, his captors and all concerned in his capture and retention would be treated as pirates when captured and that their escape was an utter impossibility.

It is well to state here that when taken, these four men carried six pairs of hand cuffs—manacles, made of old horse shoes as the nail imprints could be plainly seen in the wristlets. These. cuffs were connected by sections of old trace chains, and were home-made, and evidently the product of a very inferior blacksmith. Later we found that every man in that Columbus gang was supplied with a pair of these implements of torture. In reply to the captain's appeal for elemency, he was asked if he was in the discharge of his duty when he and his men were destroying the private property of helpless citizens, killing a poor woman's chickens and forcing her to cook and serve them up for him and those under his command. He was asked if he thought he was discharging the duty of a brave, humane officer by carrying a supply of handcuffs along with which to iron those unfortunates who chanced to fall into his hands. He replied to this latter question by saying that he was only obeying orders when he brought those handcuffs along and that he had never yet placed a man in irons by order or otherwise. When he said this, I and Mr. Clampit were each ready with a reply, I said, "Captain, I saw a man wearing a ball and chain in your office at Columbus. Did you not order that man shackled?" He shook his head, but before he could speak, Mr. Clampit said: "Don't deny it captain; I was there and know what I am talking about; you won't tell me you did not order that man ironed and more than that; it was you or the men under you, who arrested Aaron Shields, a disabled discharged Confederate soldier who had gone to town for the doctor to attend his sick child, and while there you arrested and hurried him off to Houston. His child died while he was still wearing the irons you had fastened on his wrists, and he may be wearing them yet, if living. No, no, Captain! Those jewels fit you; you've made other men, either of whom were a thousand times a better, a braver man than you ever was, to wear irons by your order, and now you shall wear them for awhile at any rate. You are not altogether a stranger in these parts; several of us know of your cruelty and devilment and there may yet be a gander-pulling before this thing is settld."

A little later in the evening toward the close of the day, a signal was heard by those in camp and was answered by one of the outer guards. Shortly after Mr. Gollihar and others, accompanied by Joe Tate and younger brother, Bob Tate, came into camp. Mr. Gollihar's rage seemed to have subsided since he learned that the worst damage the prisoners had wrought was the killing of his wife's chickens. I took him aside and asked him what he was going to do with those men. He informed me that on Joe Tate's account they were going to hold them, to use his expression, "till h—l freezes over," and if the authorities captured Joe, he would propose an exchange of prisoners and if they refused and ever fired on or hurt any of us, then he would hang a prisoner for every one of our men hurt or killed.

I saw the desperate straits to which these men were reduced, and under the leadership of Crit Gollihar I could only see disaster. The odds against us were too great. A number, some eight or ten of these men had expressed a willingness to go with me into Mexico, where I had once gone to avoid the raising of my hand against my countrymen. I regarded blood shed in and around that Somers Thicket as being a foregone conclusion. My mission to the Colorado was peaceable, I was violating no statutory law, and I could not—would not—consent to be led into a battle with those men who, while bent on my capture or destruction, yet they, too, were my countrymen. These were my reflections and I quickly decided that my own personal safety was worth more to me just then than a whole caballada of big American mules. I would await the coming of Ciriaco and that span of mules two days longer; by that time there would be developments, and if matters grew worse and my Mexican still refused to show up, the mules could go to the devil and I'd go to Mex-

ico. I had asked one of the men—the red-faced fellow—about Lieutenant Cox and was informed that he was sent home from the Navidad with an attack of illness which threatened to develop into pneumonia. This affliction might cause the lady to delay the sending of those mules and Ciriaco, after all, may have decided that there were other routes leading to the Rio Grande.

After supper Joe and Bob Tate and Henry Dunn went off in the direction of Zumwalt's up the river, saying they would be back next day. Crit Gollihar, his brother, Charlie, and two others went to Gollihar's place to keep watch,as they expected the heel flies who, finding their captain and his three men had failed to show up, might make an attack on the house during the night. When the guards were set and horses secured, those left in camp gathered around and we discussed the situation. Everyone present wanted to get out of the scrape without having to fight their way out. They said Gollihar, Joe Tate and Colbath would never leave; that they were determined to stay and bushwhack the heel flies to the bitter end. But while those present were anxious to go with me, yet a sense of dread, really a want of confidence in themselves, was evident. How could we avoid the heel flies at Clinton, Goliad, Beeville, San Patricio, and King's Ranch? All these places lay on our route. And above all, how would we escape capture by the numerous river guards which were at every crossing between Eagle Pass and the mouth of the Rio Grande? I explained that with fifteen or twenty determined men, well armed, and well mounted, I could stand off any body of heel flies we might chance to meet. I had heard a French officer in Monterey during a riot, say that "mobs won't fight, and neither will untrained, undisciplined boys fight." I pointed out that the Clinton company of heel flies were supposed to be in our vicinity, and that even if the town were strongly garrisoned, we could avoid its close proximity by crossing the Guadalupe far below; that we could easily reach that river in less than one night's travel, remain in concealment during the day and the next night reach the San Antonio river below Goliad, which once passed, all danger would be over. As to crossing the Rio Grande into Mexico, I assured them that would be about the easiest task encountered during the entire journey. Benivede's regiment was on duty, scattered all along the river from Brownsville to Laredo. They were all Mexicans and were the most arrant knaves that ever disgraced a uniform. They drew their pay $16 per month, in specie. For rations, they had flour, corn meal, fresh beef or mutton every day, besides sugar and coffee. They laid tribute on every bale of cotton that went across the river, and on every article of merchandise that crossed into Texas. Thousands of cattle whose owners were in the Confederate army, roamedt the plains from the Nueces to the Rio Grande and when these soldierpelados wanted to break a Camargo Monte bank, or their monthly stipend began to run short, they would round up a few thousand beeves, drive them to Monterey or Saltillo and sell them—all in the name and by the authority as they claimed, of the C. S. A. Government. The people of Mexico are as honorable and as patriotic as those of any nation on the globe, but the frontier, the border line between two nations is always the resort of the toughest elements of the two countries adjacents, and Benivedes regiment seemed to have become the dragnet that caught the worst that Mexico had to spare.

"No boys," said I, "the clink of a dollar or two will remove all obstacles that may offer on the east bank of the Bravo."

I further told these men my plans for leaving as soon as possible; that I would persuade no man to go with me, but that all who intended going with me must be ready to start the next night or the night following. And furthermore that each must agree to act the man from start to finish. Supplies, we might require along the route, must be paid for, no one's rights violated or property molested. Cattle were plentiful and cheap in those days and it was customary for travelers, stockmen, or others, when in need of food, to kill a maverick (an unbranded yearling), and appropriate its flesh. This I told the men we would do, as was the custom, but in all other matters involving the rights of property, the strictest decorum should be observed. To this proposition each man prsent expressed his heartiest endorsement and I began to realize from that moment that, however coarse the exterior of these rude, uncouth men, at heart they were honest, and this good

opinion, then formative state, was fully confirmed by subsequent experience.

It was late that night when I stretched out on my blanket for a few hours sleep. My horse stood near, saddled and ready for service. I had determined to brave all lurking dangers and go over to Mr. McDonald's and, if possible learn something of Ciriaco and those mules. I instructed the guards to call me at 3 o'clock in the morning. The distanc to be traveled was not over six miles and my aim was to reach Mr. McDonald's before daylight. After a refreshing sleep I was awakened, mounted and set off.

I reached Mr. McDonald's before day and rode to the back of his field north of the house and tied my horse in a thicket. It was yet dark, and on foot I made my way through the field to the horse lot where I found several saddle horses. When I discovered these I concluded that all was not well. In a little house used for storing corn and feed, I found three or four saddles and saddle blankets. These latter were still wet with the sweat of the previous day's hard riding. Had there been only two saddles I would have formed the conclusion that they were the saddles belonging to Ciriaco and the Cox boy and would doubtless have been caught, but the number of saddles was clearly indicative of danger. Members of the household were astir and I withdrew.

About 200 yards east of the McDonald residence was a cabin occupied by an old negro and family, who cultivated a portion of Mr. McDonald's land. While pondering as to what to do next, I noticed a light emanating from this old negro's cabin. I decided to try to learn something from the old darky. As I stealthily approached the cabin I heard him at the lot in the rear of his domicile feeding the horses. I got between him and his cabin and as he started back to the house after having fed his stock I came up close and in a low voice, I said: "Good morning, Uncle, have you seen any heel flies around here lately?" "Who is you, an' wha' you foolin' heah fo' dis time o' night?" "Don't you know me, Uncle? I am the man you saw at Mr. McDonald's the other day; the man who had your folks do some washing."

"Shuah! Is dat you? Well you's all rite while it's dark, but ef you's trying to keep out'n de way o' dem heel flyses you'd bettah be makin' de sand fly. Dey's a big gang on 'em at Marse A. B's an' dey's sho' mad. Wha' fo' you come heah anyhow?"

"All right, Uncle, you go right in the house, but say nothing to any of your folks; get a bucket as if going for water then go to the well (which was near the kitchen in Mr. Mc's yard) and loiter there until you can get a chance to speak privately to either one of the girls and then tell her that Mr. Garcia is at your gate and wants to see her.

"Lawd, yas sah, yas sah; I'll hab dat gal heah in two minits!"

The first gray streaks of dawn began to appear and minutes seemed hours, but presently I heard the trip of light footsteps and through the slowly vanishing darkness I saw the figure of a woman approaching. It was Lizzie McDonald, and she brought me the most startling news. On account of the growing light she had to be brief; there was no time for an exchange of simple greetings. The men at the house were a part of the Clinton company, who had been scouting around in the direction of the Somers thicket the day before; the men camped at Mayo's Mill captured a Mexican with two mules and a horse and she just knew it was my Mexican and my mules. She did not know where they had taken him, but thought he was held at their camp. The Victoria company had camped the night before at Mr. Hayne's place, on Brushy, Jesse had gone during the night to warn me and tell me about the capture of the Mexican, and she wondered why he had not found me, as he had ample time to reach our lair before midnight. "But it is getting light and they'll miss me at the house. Go quick; don't go through the field, they might see you. Go round the field and for Heaven's sake, don't let them arrest you." And with that she was gone and turning to the old negro who had returned shortly after the young lady's appearance, I handed him a dollar, and again admonished him to observe secrecy, I turned to leave when he said, "Wait Mahstah; de old 'oman's cookin' brekfus, an' de braid is neahly done, an I'se gwine guv yo' a big pone o' dat braid ef yo' can jis wait a minit. It won't tuk yo' long an, yo's gwine to git mighty hongry a runnin' fum dem heel flyses an' doin' widout yo' brekfus."

(To be continued.

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